

*R. Carroll after the original Centlivre*  
THE  
ARTIFICE.  
A  
COMEDY.

As It Is ACTED

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in  
*Drury-Lane.*

By His MAJESTY's Company  
of COMEDIANS.

---

*By Mrs. CENT-LIVRE.*

---

*It is a Kind of Slander, to trust to*  
RUMOUR.

*Ben. Jonson's Cataline.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. PAYNE, near Stationers-Hall,  
M.DCC.XXIII. [Price 1s. 6d.]

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T O

ERASMUS EARLE, *Esq;*

S I R,



THE *Weak* naturally fly to the *Brave* for Protection; and, methinks, a *Play* in which a *Soldier* carries off the *Prize*, has a sort of Right to a *Patron* out of the *Camp*. Your condescending to serve, for some little Time; as Subaltern Officer, while You are in the actual Possession of so Noble a Paternal Estate, is equally Admir'd, and Applauded, by All who have the Happiness to know You. This is truly

## DEDICATION.

truly doing an Honour to the *British* Service ; And how much is it to be desir'd, that so Bright an Example, may be Imitated by other Gentlemen of the best Families, and Fortunes.

We have scarce an Instance in *Antient*, or *Modern History*, of any Hero who has *Commanded WELL*, without having first learn'd what it was to OBEY. The Greatest among the *Greek* and *Roman* Generals, made their First Campaigns in the Nature of *Voluntiers* ; and the Greatest *Modern Hero*, whose Loss we so lately lamented, serv'd first in the *same Post* You now Adorn.

IF a *Fine Person*, a most Graceful, and Easy *Behaviour*, joyn'd to a great Knowledge of the *World*, and a general *Insight* into all Parts of *Polite Learning*, are the most likely Means to raise a Man to Greatness,

## DEDICATION.

ness, I know not what Bounds  
You can reasonably set to Your  
Ambition ! One Thing I am well  
assur'd of, That it will be a Hap-  
piness to your Country, to see  
You in some of her Highest Mili-  
tary Honours.

I confess, I am glad to lay hold  
of any Opportunity of paying my  
Early Court to so distinguish'd a  
Merit ; and hope, Sir, That my  
laying this Trifle at Your Feet,  
however poor it may be in it-  
self, will be at least some small  
Proof of that Zeal and Respect, with  
which I am,

S I R,

*Your Most Obedient, and*

*Most Humble Servant,*

SUSANNA CENT-LIVRE.





# PROLOGUE.

By Mr. BOND.

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.



OUR Wits of late, grown wond'rous  
Weather-wise,  
Change, like the various Seasons of the  
Skies.  
They, each dull Winter, Sullen and  
Severe,  
And Cloudy, as its Gloomyest Days appear :  
Tawn o'er their Desks, sigh forth some Tragick-Scene,  
Then Treat the Town with Products of their Spleen.

Our Author takes a different Way to please ;  
Heals Injar'd Love, and Cures its Jealousies.  
You Tender Virgins, and Neglected Wives,  
For You, She all her ARTIFICE contrives.  
You can't deny her — Tour Protection, surely,  
She hides your Slips, and brings you off—so purely !  
Bold in her Sex's Cause, She always rouzes  
'Gainst their Worst Foes, False Lovers, and Dull  
Spouses.

But, oh ! ye Criticks ! Comic-Bards are few,  
And we've no Wit beneath the Sun, that's New :

Ask



## P R O L O G U E.

*Ask not, in such a General Dearth, much Wit,  
If she your Taste in Plot, and Humour hit:  
Plot, Humour, Business, form the Comick Feast,  
Wit's but a higher-relish'd Sawce, at best;  
And where too much, like Spice, destroys the Taste.*

*You Sparks in Red, she knows, will all befriend her;  
Nay, Faith, You're bound in Honour to defend her,  
You, in her Plays, her choicest Favours share;  
She never fails to raise her Men of War.  
'Tis seldom known, You Brothers of the Blade,  
Let Women make Advances Un-repaid.  
You Chiefs in War, that Monarchs can subdue,  
Yet own — The Ladies Victors over You.  
A Single Helen, once Divinely Fair,  
Summon'd a Croud of Heroes to the War:  
And Brighter Helens raise your Courage — There.  
You, while our Author pleads in Beauty's Cause,  
Join on her Side, and Arm in her Applause:  
Be Heroes in a Woman's Cause to Day,  
And as you Love the Sex, Defend the Play.*



*Dramatis*

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

*Sir Philip Money-Love*, Father to *Olivia*,  
 a Man whose Morals are only subservient  
 to his Interest } *Mr. Miller.*  
*Sir John Freeman*, Heir to 4000 l. per  
*Annum*, but disinherited. In Love with } *Mr. Wilks, Sen.*  
*Olivia* }  
*Ned Freeman*, His Younger Brother;  
 possess'd of the Estate } *Mr. Mills.*  
*Faithwell*, An Ensign under the Name  
 of *Jefferys*, in Disguise, a Footman to the } *Mr. Wilks, Jun.*  
*Widow Headless* }  
*Mr. Watchit*, A Country-Gentleman,  
 very jealous of his Wife } *Mr. Griffin.*  
*Tally*, One belonging to a *Pharoah Bank*;  
 an Humble Servant to *Widow Headless*, } *Mr. Harper.*  
 under the Character of *Lord Pharoah Bank* }  
*Demur*, A Doctor of the Law.

## W O M E N.

*Olivia*, Daughter of *Sir Philip Money-*  
*love*. In Love with *Sir John Freeman*. } *Mrs. Horton.*  
*Louisa*, a Dutch Lady, formerly contract-  
 ed to *Ned Freeman* } *Mrs. Younger.*  
*Mrs. Watchit*, Wife to *Mr. Watchit* } *Mrs. Oldfield.*  
*Widow Headless*, worth 20,000 l. an  
 affected vain Widow, an Admirer of Qua-  
 lity, and resolv'd never to marry beneath } *Mrs. Thurmond.*  
 a Lord }  
*Lucy*, Servant to *Mrs. Watchit* . . .  
*Flora*, Servant to *Louisa* . . .  
*Judith*, Servant to *Mrs. Headless* . . .

Constable, Watch, and other Attendants.

T H E



THE  
ARTIFICE.  
A  
COMEDY.

---

ACT I.  
SCENE the PARK.

*Enter Fainwell in a Livery, meeting  
Sir John Freeman in Mourning.*

*Fain.*  A! Freeman in Black? Dear Jack,  
how must I distinguish thee?

*Sir John.* Dear Jack! — How  
came you and I so well acquainted,  
Fellow?

*Fain.* Oh! — that's too long  
a Story at present.

*Sir John.* Fainwell! — what the Devil is this  
Metamorphose for?

*Fain.* Love! Almighty Love! Copying of the Gods,  
you know.

B

Sir



*Sir John.* What Game are you in Pursuit of?

*Fain.* The old standing Dish, a WIFE! Here's no Hopes of War, no Rising in View! and *Subaltern's* Pay will make a Man rub but slowly through the World. I have got Leave of my Colonel to be absent from my Post for Two Months, in which Time, I intend to make my Fortune. — You know the Widow Headless!

*Sir John.* Very well! Ha! — is not that her Livery?

*Fain.* Yes, faith, I march in the Number of her Retinue.

*Sir John.* To what End?

*Fain.* That's uncertain. If you know the Widow, you are no Stranger to her Taste in Servants.

*Sir John.* I know she keeps none but awkward Country Things.

*Fain.* Ay! and is a perfect Fockey in her Family, and takes as much Pains to polish her Train, as they do to break their young Colts. Now, you must know, I pass with her for as arrant a Rustick, as ever wielded Cudgel at a Country Wake, or tumbled Girl upon a Hay-mow.

*Sir John.* But wherein can this advance your Design?

*Fain.* Why, you must know, I make Love to her.

*Sir John.* Make Love to her! what, under the Character of a Footman?

*Fain.* No, no; under the Character of a Gentleman of Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year in Gloucester-shire, of which Country I pretend to be; for having Quarter'd heretofore in that Shire, I counterfeited the Dialect very well.

*Sir John.* But what Service can this be to you?

*Fain.* Why, I write to her as from Mr. *Worthy*; my Man brings the Letters; and I deliver them as *Jes-frey*, her Footman; and when I find her in Humour, I intend to give her my Picture, in so simple a Manner, that she shall take it all for Gospel.

*Sir*



*Sir John.* But what signifies the Copy? How will you introduce the Original?

*Fain.* That has been done already. I have made her several Visits. My Man is now gone to her with a Letter.

*Sir John.* But suppose she should enquire after this Mr. *Worthy*? It is an easy Matter to know all the Gentlemen in *Gloucestershire*, and what Estates they are possess'd of too.

*Fain.* She can't trap me there, if she does: For, between you and I, there is such a Person as Mr. *Worthy*, Master of the very Estate I mention, who has given me Leave to take his Name. — But I have discover'd since I have been in her House, that an *Irish* Baron is my Rival.

*Sir John.* Then you are undone; for I am told, she declares against Matrimony without a Title. Who is he?

*Fain.* My Lord *Pharoah-Bank*, I think they call him, of the County of *Tipperary*.

*Sir John.* I don't remember ever to have heard of any such Nobleman.

*Fain.* Recommended, they say, by Sir *Philip Money-Love*.

*Sir John.* For which he is to have a valuable Consideration; for I am sure, he does nothing out of Honour or Honesty. I wish thee Success with all my Heart.

*Fain.* I thank you, *Freeman*; but prithee, who are you in Mourning for? Is the old Knight at Rest Six Foot deep? ha, *Jack*?

*Sir John.* He has been dead to me these Seven Years; but is now so to all the World, *Fainwell*.

*Fain.* Sir *John*! I give thee Joy of Four thousand Pounds per Annum. [Embracing him.]

*Sir John.* I hope you'll give me the Estate too, *Fainwell*; for, I assure you, I have not one Foot of Land by the Death of my Father.

*Enter Sam.*

*Fain.* He did not disinherite thee, sure.

*Sir John.* Neither better nor worse.

*Sam.* I ever thought my old Master would dye hard, and take the Left-hand Road.

*Sir John.* Ha! what is *Sam* with you still?

*Sam.* You know, Sir, I always stick as close to my Masters, as their Breeches.

*Sir John.* Ay! whilst there is any Money in them; but, I remember, you left me for fear of Starving.

*Sam.* Starving! Oh, no, no! — Not Starving, Sir; though, I must confess, my Waist-band was Three Inches too wide for me.

*Fain.* You saucy Rascal! ha, ha? Well, did you deliver my Letter?

*Sam.* Yes, I did Sir; and into the Widow's own Hands; and, truly, by what I can find, Sir, you have nothing to hope for, if I have any Judgment.

*Fain.* Why? What have you discover'd?

*Sam.* Why, I observ'd when she read your Epistle, she smil'd scornfully, thus — toss'd your Letter upon her Toylet; turn'd upon her Heel; tipp'd her Maid a Box o' the Ear for Grinning, and bad me tell you, it required no Answer.

*Sir John.* Cold Comfort!

*Fain.* Not a Jot the less, for giving herself that Air. But is it possible, that pure Party-Rage could make thy Father so unkind, Sir John?

*Sir John.* Add to that some little Wildnesses. But the main thing that did my Business, was this; When I found nothing wou'd open his Purse-strings, I pretended to embrace his Principles.

*Sam.* I remember that Time, Sir: We lived in Clover then! Many a delicious Morsel of Flesh have I serv'd up, and supp'd luxuriously out of your Leavings, Sir.

*Sir*

*Sir John.* But, as the Devil wou'd have it, one Day, in my Cups, I chanced to stumble into a Non-juring Meeting, with half a Dozen honest Officers at my Back, drove out the Congregation, ty'd the Parson Neck and Heels, lock'd the Door, and took the Key in my Pocket.

*Fain.* Good! And what became of Old Sedition?

*Sir John.* Some of his Flock returning to Evening Prayer, broke open the Door, and freed him from Durance; amongst which Number was my natural Father.

*Fain.* Rather Unnatural! That was very unlucky, *Sir John.*

*Sir John.* Ay; for that Action not only lost me a paternal Blessing, but a paternal Estate.

*Fain.* Which would have afforded thee many Blessings, Wine and Women, *Sir John*, the only Blessings in this World! So your younger Brother Ned has the Estate, I suppose.

*Sir John.* Every Acre! My Fortune is cramm'd into such a Narrow Circumference, I can cover it with my Thumb. Only ——— a single Shilling.

*Fain.* Damn'd Barbarity! 'S' Death! were he my Brother, I'd cut his Throat.

*Sam.* There's the Inside of a Soldier for you! [*aside.*]

*Sir John.* So say Passion and Necessity; but Conscience and Humanity offer to my cooler Thoughts a brown Musquet rather. I confess, I long to exert the elder Brother, and beat him a little; In order to which, I have done all I could to provoke him to give me Occasion; but he avoids me as carefully as if he durst not fight, though I know he's no Coward.

*Fain.* Well! Heaven be prais'd, I am not afraid of being disinherited. I wear my Fortune with my Red Coat; and whilst there is one Mischief-making Priest in the World, Soldiers will never want Bread.

*Sam.* Ay, the Priests have ever been fast Friends to the Soldiers. Nothing like a Pulpit-Drum. — But it ruins the Surgeons Business quite.

*Sir*



*Sir John.* Ay! how so?

*Sam.* Why, where's the Occasion for their retailing Lancet, when the other lets the Nation Blood by Wholesale?

*Fain.* My Rascal has a kind of smattering after Wit, ha, ha. No more of your Impertinence.

*Sam.* Impertinence! these Gentlemen will allow no body to say a good Thing but themselves. [*Aside.*

*Sir John.* Ha! yonder's my Brother coming this Way. How stately the Rogue walks, with Three Footmen at his Heels!

*Fain.* Whilst thou hast not so much as one Scoundrel, to pick up a Wench for thee.

*Sam.* Oh, for that, Sir! with your Leave, he may always command his humble Servant.

*Fain.* He struts like an elder Brother. He wants nothing but your Title, Sir *John*.

*Sir John.* I wish I could transfer it; for it is of no Use to me. Honour's a Commodity not vendable among the Merchants; there is no Draw-back upon't.

*Fain.* That's a Mistake, Sir *John*; I have known a Statesman pawn his Honour as often as Merchants enter the same Commodity for Exportation; and like them, draw it back so cleverly, that those who give him Credit upon't, never perceiv'd it 'till the Great Man was out of Post.

*Sir John.* Honour's a stale Cheat.

*Fain.* It may pass at Court, or the Groom-Porter's; but no Citizen will lend a Shilling upon it.

*Enter Ned. Freeman.*

*Ned.* Brother! Your Servant. If this young Fellow had not been in a Livery, I should have sworn it had been Ensign *Fainwell*!

*Fain.* The very Numerical Person you mention, is as you see, at your Service, Mr. *Freeman*. I believe you are surpriz'd at the Figure I make; but there are Reasons, which another time shall be yours. In the mean



mean while, I must intreat, that wherever you see me, you know me for nothing above my present Appearance.

*Ned.* Whatever Design you may have in View, it shall never miscarry through any Fault of mine. — Well! how go Matters in the North, Captain?

*Sir John.* Your Party perform'd no Wonders there.

*Ned.* Nay, if you are entring upon Party Matters, good by-t'ye; You know I always decline Politicks in your Company.

*Sir John.* 'Tis the Sign of an ill Cause.

*Ned.* Then Disputes won't mend it. Here — which Colour would you advise me to for a Wedding Suit?

*Fain.* What! just upon the Brink of Matrimony? Is it with the *Dutch* Lady you wrote such Panegyrics on, when you was in *Holland*?

*Ned.* What, the old Burgo-master's Daughter of *Haerlem*? No, no! that Affair's ended long since. She was a good natur'd fond Fool, and, to say Truth, I did love her; but the old Carl her Father, did not like a younger Brother for a Son-in-Law then, and I'm a better Friend to my Country, than to take a *Dutch* Wife now. I did him one Piece of Service; I left some *English* Blood in his Family. I met a Gentleman at *Paris*, who told me, she was brought to Bed of a fine Boy.

*Sir John.* If I mistake not, you made that Lady a Promise of Marriage, Brother.

*Ned.* Cou'd I do less for a Maidenhead?

*Fain.* It is the Custom in *Holland*, after such a Promise, the Girl never scruples to go to Bed, and thinks herself as much your Wife, as if the Parson had said Grace; and if ever you are found in that Country, their Laws will oblige you to perform Articles.

*Ned.* Ay, if they catch me in the Corn, let 'em put me in the Pound.

*Sir John.* Whatever you think of such Proceedings, I assure you, I should have very little Confidence in that

that Man who forfeited his Faith and Honour to a Woman.

*Ned.* Preserve your Opinion, Brother; the Ladies will like you never the better for't. Every Female has Vanity enough to believe her Charms sufficient to secure what another lost.

*Fain.* But who is the Object of your present Passion?

*Sir John.* Pray Heaven, it proves not where I guess! *[Aside.*

*Fain.* Who is the Beauty that enslaves you now?

*Ned.* Nay, I'm not so prodigiously enslav'd as you imagine.

*Sir John.* What! and just going to be Married?

*Sam.* Mr. Freeman speaks like an experienc'd Traveller; he is entring upon a Journey for Life; the Whip, and Spur, are for the short Stages of Love. It would kill the Devil to ride full Speed down a Lane that has neither End nor Turning.

*Ned.* Ha, ha, ha! *Sam.* has a right Notion of Matrimony.

*Sir John.* A Lady must be extremely happy with such a Husband. But may we not know the Lady?

*Ned.* Yes, Yes, Brother, I'm not ashamed of the Lady; she has Beauty enough for a Wife, and One Charm, as desirable, as a New Mistress.

*Fain.* Videlicet.

*Ned.* Twenty thousand Pounds.

*Sir John.* Ha! that one Article strikes through me. *[Aside.*

*Ned.* 'Tis Sir Philip Money-Love's Daughter.

*Sir John.* As I imagin'd! — This Blow wounds deeper, than my being disinherited. Have you that Lady's Consent, Brother?

*Ned.* I have her Father's, and he has the Disposal of her Fortune, though left by her Grandfather. She commands not a Penny, if she marries without his Consent.

*Sir John.* A most pernicious Clause! — Yet, if *Louisa* his Dutch Mistress, who I have sent for, comes  
Time

Time enough, I may chance to spoil your Market.

[*Aside.*

*Ned.* I think I stand very fair; I have had his Promise these Ten Days.

*Sir John.* Just the Time that *Sir Philip* forbid me his House; since when, I have often watch'd him in, and fearing the Consequence, I sent for his Mistress; and if there is the least Grain of Vertue left in that Heap of Muck and Immorality, *Sir Philip*, I may yet prevent this hateful Match.

[*Aside.*

*Fain.* I wish you Joy, *Mr. Freeman*.——

*Sir John.* Wish him Hell! where he may Taste in part the Pains he gives me now. — *Olivia!* — Oh! my *Olivia!*——

[*Aside.*

*Ned.* My Brother has no Relish for my good Fortune. — I perceive you affect Gravity in my Company, *Sir John*, and seem to have no Taste for any Joy of mine, — Prithee, how have I offended? You may have Reason to blame our Father, perhaps; but how is that my Fault? I have really as much Love for you, as if you had been born a Year after me, and will treat you as well.

*Fain.* That is to say, he shall live like your Brother.——

*Ned.* He shall live as he thinks fit, *Sir*; I shan't pretend to direct him.

*Fain.* But you must put it in his Power!—— Come, shall I make a Proposal?

*Ned.* Out with it.

*Fain.* Buy him a Colonel's Post in the Guards.

*Ned.* I don't think to part with any Money that way.——

*Sir John.* Not without it were to serve a certain Person, you know where. Oh! that vile, restless Principle of yours!——

*Ned.* Shall never disturb you with a Commission any where. Look-ye, Brother, you shan't want for what is Necessary.



*Sir John.* Necessary ! I suppose you reserve to your own Judgment how far that Word may extend.

*Ned.* It shall extend so far, Sir, as becomes a Brother who has the Estate, to him that has none.

*Sam.* Humph ! That is as much as to say, in plain English, you may Starve or Steal, and be Hang'd, for Him. [*Aside.*]

*Sir John.* As far as becomes your Elder Brother ?

*Ned.* I can't say that, for perhaps you may fancy my Estate may become you better than it does me.

*Sir John.* Your Estate ! [*Going up to him.*]

*Sam.* [*Stepping between.*] Sir, Sir, With your Leave ! Whereabouts do you think the Soul of my old Master may be now ?

*Ned.* That Thought never enter'd my Head, Sirrah. I know where his material Soul, the Estate is, and how to Spend it too. So, Brother, if you will be Chearful. —

*Sir John.* Chearful ! Bid the Directors, when there's a Run upon the Bank, be Chearful ; the Merchant who hears the Shipwreck of his freighted Vessel ; or bid the Mother, weeping o'er the Corps of her departed Son, be Chearful. — Bid them be Mad, rather, to avoid Reflection. — Chearful, Quotha ?

*Sam.* That's breaking a Man's Legs, and then bidding him cut Capers. [*Aside.*]

*Fain.* Philosophy is a noble Study, *Sir John* ; but few of us poor Rogues can pursue it.

*Sir John.* With what Elegance might my Brother there, display the Beauty of Patience and Poverty ?

*Ned.* No, Faith, *Jack*, I am no Orator.

[*Keeps looking upon the Papers.*]

*Sir John.* Oh ! What Serenity of Mind attends Four Thousand Pounds a Year ? whilst Passion, Pride, and all the Deadly-Sins, fill up the Train of a poor Dog, like me.

*Sam.* That's true to a Tittle, I know it by my self. [*Aside.*]



*Sir John.* Poor *Olivia*! now I understand thy Letter, wherein thou saidst, That we must part for Ever; but I will see Thee now, tho' certain Death attend it; tho' robb'd of Birthright by this younger Brother, let him not hope to take my Mistress from me.—

*Such an Attempt will far more dang'rous prove:*

*He robs me of my Life, that robs me of my Love.*

[Exit.

*Ned.* That is the Colour for my Money.

*Fain.* Ay, White is the Bridegroom's Colour.

*Ned.* Ha! What is my Brother gone?

*Fain.* So it seems——Poor *Sir John*! —

*Ned.* Pox of this Livery, I shou'd have been glad we cou'd have Din'd together to Day.

*Sam.* Now you talk of Dining——your Uncle call'd at your Lodging this Morning, Sir, and bad me tell you, he wonders how you bestow your Time, that you don't come and Dine with him as usual.—

*Ned.* Who's that?

*Fain.* An Uncle of mine, to whom I had once some hopes of being Heir.

*Ned.* And what has stifled them?

*Fain.* Why, the Devil put Matrimony in his Head, and spoil'd my Fortune.—

*Ned.* Then he has Children, has he?

*Fain.* One, which happening to be Red-hair'd, and the Parson of the Parish being Sandy, my Uncle, not content with forbidding him his House, bid adieu to the Country, and brought my Aunt to Town.

*Sam.* An excellent Place to preserve Vertue in.

*Ned.* How came he to suspect the Doctor?

*Fain.* Why, my Aunt is a *Roman Catholick*, you must know, and I suppose my Uncle had a mind to make a good Protestant of her, and brought the Doctor to Convert her; but finding his Arguments more prevalent for Love, than Religion, thought fit to remove her.

*Ned.* Ha, ha, ha! Where has he Lodg'd her?

*Fain.* He has taken a House in the *Pall-Mall*, within a Door of my Colonel's.—

*Sam.* Who has as good a hand at Converting, as the Parson, if he can find a way to come at her. [*Aside.*

*Ned.* In the *Pall-Mall*! If this shou'd be my Mistress now? [*Aside.*] So, the old Fellow is very Jealous of her, you say?

*Fain.* So Jealous, that he locks her up, it seems, resolving to Father no Children for the future, but his own; He allows her the Sight of nothing that's Male.

*Ned.* It must be she; this agrees exactly with her Story. [*Aside.*] Such Restraint sets all the Wheels of Invention at Work, and a Million to Nothing, but she'll find a way to use him as he deserves. And how does she take it?

*Sam.* Oh! not at all Sir,——You hear my Master say, she's Lock'd up.

*Ned.* Her Confinement, I mean, Sirrah?

*Sam.* Oh! her Confinement.

*Fain.* Not seeing her the last Time I din'd there, I inquir'd after her Health, and was answer'd, she was Indispos'd; yet I observ'd he cut her a Plate of ev'ry thing that came to the Table, and sent up to her Chamber, which, as the Maid told me afterwards, is his constant Custom of late, when any body Dines with him. He is a true *Spanish* Husband.

*Ned.* And if she proves but a true *English* Wife, his Children may be nothing a-kin to him, for all his Caution. Is she handsome?

*Fain.* So handsome, that I could venture my Soul with her; and if I had her Consent, my Uncle *Watchit*, should be advanced in Honours.—You understand me.

*Ned.* *Watchit*! Mum! that's the Name. *Fainwell* must not know where I live. [*Aside.*]——You would not Cuckold your Uncle, would ye?

*Fain.* Why not? I think a well bred Gentleman ought to have as much regard to the Breed of his Family,

Family, as a *Fox-Hunter* has to those of his Dogs and Horses. Where do you Lodge, Mr. *Freeman*? I must bring a School-Fellow of mine to wait on you, one who has a Play upon the Stocks: You must give him leave to Dedicate to you. It is young *Distich*.

*Ned.* Ha! Little *Distich*! I shall be glad to see him. When I have finish'd an Affair which I have upon my Hands at present, I shall come somewhere to this End of the Town; but I am *Incog.* for a little while.

*Fain.* What, are you upon an Intrigue?

*Ned.* Yes, Faith, and with one of the prettiest Women in Town; a Citizen's Wife, whose Husband is Tinctur'd with thy Uncle's Distemper: He permits her neither to pay, or receive Visits; but in spite of his *Blockade*, I have found means to open a *Communication* between my Self and his Female, and hope I shall be able to spring a *Mine*, and blow up the Fort of her Chastity, maugre all his Iron Guards.

*Fain.* You talk like an Engineer, Mr. *Freeman*; but if she is so closely confin'd, how got you acquainted with her?

*Ned.* Very accidentally. You must know, her House, and That which I lodge in, were formerly one, so that there are Doors remaining, tho' fasten'd up——Sitting one Evening in my Chamber reading, I heard the Voice of Women, and found by their Discourse 'twas a Lady complaining to her Maid of her Husband's ill Usage. If I were in your place, says the Maid, I'd be reveng'd of the old Brute: Ay, quoth the Lady, but shew me the Means.——Upon which, having bor'd a Hole in the Door, I put my Mouth to it, and cry'd, The Means is ready, Madam, if you'll Consent to it. She was a little surpriz'd at first, but we soon came to a right Understanding.

*Fain.* Ha, ha! so she open'd the Door!

*Ned.* Not that Door: But the Chamber-Maid, who knew her Business perfectly well, after inquiring who Lodg'd at next House? in the Morning, knock'd gently



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gently at this private Door, and calling me by my Name, gave me to understand, that there was a Door, between her Room, and a Garret in our House, which if I cou'd find the way to open, I might have an Opportunity of playing a Game at Picquet with her Lady sometimes, in her Master's Absence: I took the Hint, agreed with my Landlord for that Garret, and fell to work immediately. The Passage was soon open'd, and we came to an Interview, lik'd one another's Proposals, call'd for the Cards, and sat down to Play, where I had the Game all to Nothing, having *Point*, *Quint*, and *Quatorze*, the first Deal, had not the old Fellow come in, and forc'd us to throw up our Cards.

*Fain.* For which you both curs'd him, I suppose; but you have found a Time, 'tis to be hop'd, to finish your Game.

*Ned.* I shall do, this Day, I believe. With me Success, *Fainwell*.

*Fain.* I do with all my Heart: I know you us'd to be Generous, you'll not expose her. When you have corrupted her, you may help your Friends, before she falls into the Hands of the Publick.

*Ned.* With all my Heart! Now for the finishing Stroke: I'll Home, and watch the old Fellow out, and then *L'Affair il sera fait*, as the French say——Which way are you going, *Fainwell*?

*Fain.* Every way! I have some Twenty How-d'ye's to deliver; the constant Business of Men of my Cloth, you know.

*Ned.* Ha! yonder comes my Father-in-law that is to be. I must avoid him.

*Fain.* And the Widow's Lord with him. [*Aside.* Pray who is the Gentleman with him, Mr. *Freeman*?

*Ned.* His Name is *Bite*, to the best of my Memory. He belongs to a *Pharoah-Table*, I us'd to see him Tally sometimes, that's all I know of him. Adieu.

[*Exit.*  
*Fain.*

*Fain.* I'm glad I know so much of him. *Bite,* Quotha! Egad, I'll take care he shan't Bite me of the Widow. — Is this her Man of Quality? — *Sam,* go you home, and don't you be out of the way, if I shou'd want you. Do you hear?

*Sam.* Yes, yes, Sir.

[*Exit Sam.*]

*Fain.* Egad, this Woman fatigues me more than a long March. But the Hopes of her Gold, like the Hopes of Plunder, give me fresh Courage for continuing the Siege.

*Still to Besiege, and Storm, the Soldier's Trade is,  
In War, to carry Towns; — In Peace, the Ladies.*




A C T



## A C T II.

SCENE Sir Philip Money-love's House.

*Enter Olivia, and Louisa weeping.*

Oli.  OUR Story, Madam, I confess is moving; but I am more surpriz'd at Freeman's Insensibility, than at his Perjury. It is no wonder to find a Man false; but that he should be Blind to so much Beauty, is an Argument of Stupidity.

Lou. Not when he changes for Superiour Merit; But if you love not the Dissembler,

Oh, give him back to my desiring Arms!

For we are fit Companions for each other.

Oli. All I can, besure I'll do to serve thee.

Dear hast thou bought, the faithless, worthless Man!

Lou. Too late, I blame my credulous Nature.

Our Sex, like Roses blooming on the Tree,

Admir'd by ev'ry gazing Passenger:

The Flow'r once cropt, a while 'tis worn in Triumph;  
Then thrown aside, to wither in Disgrace.

Oli. Be pleas'd to give this Letter to Sir John, and pursue whatever he directs you. Depend upon any Thing in my Power to serve you, Madam; My Soul abhors this Treachery, and had he been as Dear to me, as his poor Injur'd Brother is, I would renounce him now, tho' Life went with him.

*Enter*



*Enter Sir Philip.*

*Oli.* My Father! that's unlucky. [*Aside.*

*Sir Philip.* Pray, Daughter, what is this pretty Resolution of yours? Who wou'd you renounce?

*Oli.* One whom you wou'd have me, Sir, if you but wish my Happiness; 'tis that Deceiver *Freeman*.

*Sir Philip.* How! Why, what has *Sir John* recover'd the Estate then? If so, Egad I shall renounce him too, Girl. — Ho'now, Who have we here? Some Letter-Carrier, ha? Pray, who let you in, Mistress?

*Oli.* Justice.

Look on this Lady, Sir, with Eyes more human,  
On her whom *Freeman* basely has betray'd,  
Just in her rising Bloom and Pride of Youth.

*Sir Philip.* Why, you'd make an excellent Actress; you Rant and Strut it well; but who is this Lady you are so tender of, pray?

*Oli.* She's *Freeman*'s Wife, by all the Ties of Love.

*Sir Philip.* Ties of Love — Hark ye! Has the Parson ty'd 'em? Love makes none but running Knots, and a Man may slip those at Pleasure; but the Parson's Noose is as sure as the Hangman's; nothing but the Grave unties it. — Now if you have him in that String, Madam, you are on the right side of the Hedge, and I must look out for another Son-in-law. — Otherwise, you must look sharp for another Husband — that's all.

*Lou.* By my Country's Custom 'tis I claim him.  
I can have no other Husband;  
For all our Vows are Register'd in Heaven.

*Sir Philip.* Humph! that's a long way off, and very few Lawyers go that Circuit. I doubt you'll lose your Cause for want of Evidence too.

*Oli.* No, Sir, she has a living Witness of his Guilt,  
A Boy, the very Picture of the Villain.

*Lou.* A Pledge of Love, and everlasting Faith.

*Oli.* Can you defend his Treachery, Sir?

D

*Sir*

*Sir Philip.* Can you defend her Folly? Treachery Quotha! He's a Traytor who weakens his King, not he who adds to the Number of his Subjects.—You say, you claim him by your Country's Custom, pray what Country is that, Madam?

*Lou.* Holland, Sir.

*Sir Philip.* Odso! *Holland*; why their High Mightinesses ought to settle a Pension upon you. — I wish you much Joy of your Son, Madam. I warrant him a Hero, or a Politician. Ev'ry *English-Man's* Son, merrily begot, proves a Great Man. Fools and Cowards are the Product of our Wedding-Sheets. I wish he had laid such a Foundation in my Family, before the Lawfulness of the Pleasure spoils the Breed.

*Oli.* Are these fit Speeches for a Daughter's Ear? And this the Language of a Vertuous Parent?

*Sir Philip.* The Vertue of a Parent consists in Interest and Cunning now-a-Days, as your Sex's Modesty does in Pride and Affectation.

*Oli.* Monstrous Precepts!

*Sir Philip.* I suppose, Madam, you had nothing but Mr. *Freeman's* bare Word?

*Lou.* Words of the most Sacred Form! Vows of Eternal Faith! Eternal Constancy!

*Sir Philip.* But how the Devil cou'd you expect Performance? Can any Man promise for Futurity? You should have got him into Bonds. Hereafter let me advise you, Do nothing till you have 'em under Black and White.—Then, if they fly the Parson, catch 'em with the Proctor.

*Lou.* Unmannerly Advice; but I was told before I came, what small Regard you paid to Justice. —It is in you, Madam, that all my Hopes are center'd.

*Oli.* Depend on me, in all I can.

*Sir Philip.* No whispering in my House, no cabaling, no underhand Dealing. — Look ye, Madam, the Man's dispos'd of; but if you will let me know whereabouts your Fortune may be, I'll do my Endeavour to get you a Husband. — I will, Faith.

*Lou.*

*Lou.* Since Injur'd Vertue is become your Sport,  
And you, instead of pitying, mock my Sorrow,

*I'll try all Arts that may his Soul subdue;  
But if I fail his Passion to renew,  
The Traytor dies, to be reveng'd on you.* [Exit.] }

*Oli.* Why will you raise her Indignation thus?  
Do you not dread the Consequence?  
Base as he is, will you not guard his Life?  
Oh! call her back, and calm her Passion;  
If you prevent not, you encourage Murder.

*Sir Philip.* No, no, the Threats of your Sex, like  
Courtiers Promises, vanish into nothing. Passion has  
left the weeping Corner, and now it blusters like the  
North Wind, that's all. I wonder who let this Wo-  
man in. I shall examine that Point with my Servants.  
[Aside.]

*Oli.* Are you a Man yet void of all Humanity?

*Sir Philip.* If your Mother were alive, she'd tell  
you: How dare you call me Father, and question my  
Manhood? What would you make your Mother,  
Hussey? ha!

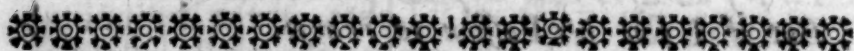
*Oli.* Oh do not name my Mother! Were she alive,  
you would not treat me thus. Remember your Pro-  
mise to Sir John.

*Sir Philip.* But when I made that Promise, he was  
Heir Apparent to Four Thousand Pounds a Year, and  
Nobody dreamt of his being Disinherited. — Zounds,  
do you think I'll throw away my Money upon your  
Inclination, Mistress? No, mark me, Were thy Mo-  
ther here in all her Bloom of Beauty; here, here,  
upon her Knees before me, I wou'd not break my  
Word to *Freeman*; that is to say, whilst he is Master  
of his Father's Estate; therefore urge me no more,  
but prepare to be his Wife to morrow. D'ye hear?  
[Exit.]

*Oli.* To morrow! short Warning! yet short as 'tis,  
I shall have time for Resolution; and you shall find  
it, Father, as Unalterable as your own.



*If where I've fix'd my Love, I must not Wed,  
I'll choofe a Coffin for my Bridal Bed.* [Exit.



SCENE Watchit's House.

*Mrs. Watchit, Sol.*

*Mrs. W.* SINCE my Husband resolves to immure me, I'm glad my Jayl is so luckily situated. Here I may hope for some Consolation; The agreeable Address of *Freeman* charms me; my Husband's Jealousy provokes me; and the Convenience of that dear Door, is so irresistable, that if I should not be able to withstand Temptation, my Husband may take it for his Pains: Besides, as the Poet says,

*One had as good commit the Fau't,  
As always to be Guilty thought.*

There's some Pleasure in reflecting upon past Delights; and Confinement will sit more easy, when one knows one deserves it; but to be shut up for nothing, is not to be borne.

*Enter Lucy.*

Well, *Lucy*: Have you given the Signal?

*Lucy.* There was no need of a Signal, Madam: I found Mr. *Freeman* in my Chamber, waiting the happy Minute. Oh! were these Men but half so eager after Possession! — But then, the Park, the Play, a Bottle; nay, an Afternoon's Nap, shall have important Business in't. — But here he is, Madam.

*Enter Ned Freeman, and runs into her Arms.*

*Ned.* My Charmer! I have stood Centinel at my Window these Two Hours, to watch your old Jaylor out;

out ; and the Moment I saw him hobble over the Channel, I flew to the kind Door, impatient to be let into Paradise.

*Mrs. W.* The impatient'st Lover, at the Beginning of an Amour, commonly proves the most indolent after Possession, they say.

*Ned.* That, Madam, in a great measure, depends upon the Wit and Temper of the Lady ; After Enjoyment, Love grows nice ; Beauty kindles up the Flame : But there is more required to keep that Flame alive : But you may boast your Sex's whole Perfection : He who puts on your Chains, must be your Slave for Ever. Where Souls sympathize, the Bodies fear no Separation. When I but kiss thee [*Embracing her*] my Heart flutters at my Lips, as if 'twould tell thee every Thought within.

*Mrs. W.* Bless me ! what do you mean ? I doubt you have naughty Thoughts ! — Give us the Cards. — Come, I must have my Revenge.

*Ned.* That you shall, with all my Soul, instantly.

*Mrs. W.* Be quiet then, and take the Cards.

*Ned.* The Cards ! No, no, my Angel, I shall beat you at Cards ; there is a sweeter Game for your Revenge.

*Mrs. W.* Pish ! what Game ? — Lud ! — you smother one. Suppose any of the Servants should be upon the Stairs ? — *Lucy* !

*Lucy.* [*aside.*] Humph ! I understand her. I'll take Care of that, Madam. [*Exit.*]

*Ned.* You see, my Life, Mrs. *Lucy* knows her Business : Why should we neglect *ours* ?

*Mrs. W.* Business ! What Business ? Oh Lud ! what would you have me do ? [*Struggling a little.*]

*Ned.* Make me the happiest of Mankind. A thousand Loves are dancing in your Eyes. Your balmy Lips and heaving Breasts invite me to the Banquet.

*Mrs. W.* Don't talk to me thus, you insinuating Devil, you ! — Let me go ! — Oh gad ! I an't able to struggle any longer ! —

*Ned.*

*Ned.* Why will you struggle at all? Why destroy that Pleasure which your Consent so infinitely would raise? Come, lead me to my Bliss, where, folded in each other's close Embraces, we'll bid Defiance to a Husband's Frown, and kiss, and laugh at all his jealous Folly.

*Mrs. W.* Oh gad! — Oh, oh Lud! — I have not Breath to answer — Oh, oh! I must not — dare not — will not — Oh Lud! — I have such a Swimming in my Head! — Let me go! — Tho' if you do, I am sure I shall fall down.

[*Sinks into his Arms.*]

*Ned.* Oh my yielding Dear! — Where the Duce shall I find the Bed Chamber?

*Mrs. W.* 'Tis the next Room. — Ha! What have I said? Did you name the Bed-Chamber? Oh Gad! I won't go into the Bed-Chamber.

*Ned.* No, no, no, my Dear, I would not offer to injure your Modesty with such a Thought for the World. Go into the Bed-chamber! No, no, I'll carry thee thither.

[*Takes her in his Arms.*]

*Mrs. W.* Nay, how can you be so rude? Lord, whither are you going? I swear I have a good Mind to cry out.

[*Lucy shrieks without.*]

*Ned.* Ha! What Shriek is that?

*Mrs. W.* 'Tis *Lucy's* Voice! Set me down, set me down! my Husband is most certainly return'd. What shall I do? O Invention! O Invention! [*Pauses.*]

*Ned.* Pox take him for an unmannerly Churl, to make a Gentleman rise from Table before he has tasted the first Dish; and with such an Appetite too!

*Mrs. W.* Oh gad! don't loiter here; but fly, fly, Sir!

*Ned.* But whither, Madam? Whither? Which way can I get up Stairs, without meeting him full in the Teeth? Except you have any back-way.

*Mrs. W.* I'll venture; (for it is impossible for him to get out.) Here, here, here, Sir, step behind this Screen, and stir not for your Life, 'till I give you Notice.

[*Ned goes behind the Screen.*]

*Enter*



*Enter Watchit, and Lucy.*

*Wat.* What the Devil did you shriek out for? To give Warning, *Mrs. Screech-Owl*?

*Lucy.* Warning! of what, I wonder? Who could you expect to catch, that you came creeping up in this Manner, to fright a-body out of one's Wits? You suffer nothing to come near my Lady but Flies, that I know of.

*Mrs. W.* [*Throwing herself upon the Floor.*] Oh, Mi-fery! ——— Oh, oh, oh! ———

*Wat.* Nothing but Flies! why Flies breed Maggots, Hufsey.

*Mrs. W.* Oh undone! Undone for ever!

*Lucy.* Oh my poor Lady on the Floor! Help, Sir, help. ——— Where have you put the Gentleman, Madam?

[*Aside to Mrs. W.*

*Mrs. W.* Behind the Screen. [*Aside.*] Oh, oh!

*Wat.* Pud, What is the Matter, Pud?

*Mrs. W.* I fear I have broke my Leg, *Mumps*.

*Wat.* Heaven forbid! ——— Though if she has, there will be one Advantage in't; she won't teize me to go abroad these two Months. [*Aside.*] ——— Let me see; where-about's hast thou hurt thy pretty Leg?

*Mrs. W.* Just in my Instep, *Mumps*! ——— Oh, oh!

*Wat.* *Lucy*! Where are you, Hufsey! help me to set your Mistress in a Chair. How camest thou to fall, Pudsey?

[*They lift her into a Chair.*

*Mrs. W.* Why, hearing her shriek, I ran hastily to see what was the Matter; and my Heel happening to catch in my Hoop, down I came, with my Foot double under me. ——— Oh dear *Mumps*! you hurt me terribly! Pray lead me to my Bed, that I may lie down 'till a Surgeon can be sent for.

*Ned.* [*Peeping*] Well propos'd!

*Wat.* No, no, let me rub it a little; I don't find it is broke: One must not make Surgeon's Work of every little Accident. It is not broke, Pudsey, that's certain.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* I wish your Neck had been broke, when you came Home. *[Aside.]*

*Wat.* It may be sprain'd, perhaps. I have some Camphirated Spirits of Wine in the Corner-Cupboard, behind that Screen. I'll fetch it, and bathe it with some of that. It is exceeding good for a Sprain.

*Ned. [Peeping]* So! I find a Law-suit commenced already.

*Mrs. W.* If he comes near the Screen, I'm undone. *[Aside.]*

*Lucy.* What, in the Name of *Jupiter*, will become of the Gentleman?

*Mrs. W.* Oh dear, dear, *Mumps!* do not leave me. Give *Lucy* the Key; let her fetch it. *[Catches hold of him.]*

*Lucy.* Ay, ay, Sir, give me the Key; and do you keep rubbing, that the Blood may circulate.

*Ned. [Peeping]* Well said, *Mrs. Abigail.*

*Mrs. W.* Ay, do, dear *Mumpsy!* Methinks there's a kind of Ease whilst you are rubbing it. — Oh, oh!

*Wat. [rising]* No, no, she can't find it; she'll fling down some of the Bottles; that's all the Good she'll do.

*Mrs. W.* Oh, I shall swoon, if you stir, *Mumps!* — I shall, I shall! *[Catches hold of him.]*

*Wat.* Well, well! I won't go! — You Women are so impatient! Here, *Lucy*, take the Key. It is in a Crystal Bottle. Don't you do Mischief now, amongst the rest of the Spirits.

*Ned. [Peeping]* I wish I were a Spirit to go out unseen. —

*[Mrs. Watchit beckons Ned to go off, whilst old Watchit is rubbing her Foot.]*

*Lucy.* She beckons you to go out, Sir.

*Ned.* I understand her. But if the old Fellow should look up!

*Lucy.* No, no, never fear; I'll help to screen you from his Sight. *[Runs and flaps herself down by Watchit.]*

Watchit] Here, here, Sir, here's the Bottle. I'm sure 'tis the right.

Wat. What is the Devil in the Wench! have you a Mind to lame me, Hufsey? Why don't you pull out the Cork?

Ned *advances, but as Watchit looks up, retires.*

Mrs. W. Hang the Cork. — Rub, rub, rub, dear Mumps.

Lucy. [*Beckons Ned*] Now, now, now.

Wat. What's now, now! ha!

Lucy. Why, now the Cork's out! Lord, you don't mind my Mistress's Foot?

Mrs. W. [*Aside.*] Ah! he will catch him, that's certain. — I have such a Terror upon me, that I'm disarm'd of all Excuses.

Wat. Where lies thy Pain, Pud?

Mrs. W. Just where you are.

Lucy. That I dare swear [*Aside.*] — Bless me, Sir, how my Lady's Ankle swells?

Wat. Your Nose swells, don't it? What do you fright your Mistress for, Hufsey? I see no Swelling.

Lucy. I don't know how he should. [*Aside.*

Ned. [*Aside.*] She might have laid a Foundation for a Swelling, if you had been Civil enough to have stay'd away half an Hour longer.

[*Advancing to the middle of the Stage.*

Wat. Come, try to stand upon't, Pudsey.

Mrs. W. [*Sbrieking.*] Ah! my dear, dear Life and Soul! I cannot bear it!

*As Watchit is raising her up, she throws her Arms about his Neck to prevent his seeing Ned.*

Wat. [*Struggling*] What, will you smother me? How now! Who have we here?

Ned. So! he has me! — I admire you leave your Doors open, Sir, and not a Servant in the Way to take a Message.

Wat. Had you any to send up, Sir? I don't like a Man that comes up to my Nose; then tells me, I ad-  
E mire



*mire you leave your Doors open.* — Zounds, was there not a Knocker to the Door?

*Ned.* I did knock, Sir; but my Business would not give me leave to wait.

*Wat.* Business! — What, to rob my House? or lie with my Wife, I warrant, had I been out of the Way. [*Aside*] — I pray you, sweet Sir, What may your hasty Business be?

*Ned.* What, in the Name of *Jupiter*, shall I pretend? [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. W.* [*Aside to Lucy*] Oh Lud! what Tale can he invent? I tremble every Joynt of me.

*Lucy.* [*Aside to Mrs. W.*] If he proves of the true *Irish* Breed, all may go well yet.

*Wat.* I am afraid, Sir, you have forgot your Business. — A clean-limb'd young Rascal, this; — and has a damn'd Cuckold-making Air: Zounds, how my Wife eyes him! [*Aside.*]

*Ned.* I have it; Impudence protect me [*Aside.*] The Affair I come upon, Sir, requires your private Ear.

*Wat.* Sir, I keep my private Ears, for my publick Friends. I have survey'd you round, and round; and, to be plain, I don't like your Phiz, and, may be, I shall like your Business worse. Therefore, will hear, whether it be worth going out of the Room for or not.

*Ned.* I can easily pardon your Dislike to my Face; but I must insist upon speaking with you alone.

*Wat.* I insist upon your speaking here, Sir — The Dog will cut my Throat, perhaps. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. W.* I'm in pain for the Event. [*Aside to Lucy.*]

*Lucy.* The Gentleman promises well; Have Courage, Madam. [*Aside to Mrs. W.*]

*Ned.* But your Reputation is concern'd, Sir.

*Wat.* My Reputation does not depend upon your Tongue, Sir; and I'll not stir a Foot.

*Ned.* But have you no Regard to your Lady, Sir? for I perceive this is your Wife.

*Wat.*

*Wat.* And what of that, Sir? What have you to say against my Wife? Out with it.

*Ned.* I have nothing to say, Sir, against your Wife.

*Wat.* 'Sdeath, Sir! What is your Business? What have you to say? Speak, Sir; — Or, or —

*Ned.* Nay! if I must speak here! Then know, Sir, I am employed by Sir *Andrew Gudgeon*.

*Wat.* *Gudgeon*! I doubt, Friend, you have mistaken your Fish; for I know no Man of that Name.

*Ned.* Hark ye, Sir, a Word. [*Speaks in his Ear*] You know his Wife, I suppose, if you don't know him.

*Wat.* Wife! what Wife? Ad's Heart! speak out, and keep farther off. — This Dog's a Pick-pocket, for aught I know. [*Aside.*]

*Ned.* Why then, I must tell you, Sir, that Sir *Andrew* will have Satisfaction, before he and you have done.

*Wat.* Satisfaction for what, Sir?

*Ned.* For lying with his Wife, Sir, since you will have it out.

*Mrs. W.* Adultery! Very fine, truly!

*Lucy.* Bless me! who could have thought, that my Lady had not been sufficient for you, Sir?

*Wat.* Zounds! what do you mean, Sir? Do you think to make a *Gudgeon* of me?

*Ned.* Nor you must not think to make a Cuckold of Sir *Andrew*, without making him Satisfaction, Sir. I don't value your high Words, nor your big Looks. I am not to be frighted out of my Business, Sir. I am a Proctor in the Bishop's Court, and employ'd by Sir *Andrew*, to exhibit a Libel against you for Incontinency.

*Wat.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! I incontinent! I'll be judg'd by my own Wife. — *Pud*! — come hither, *Pud* — speak the Truth, and no more but the Truth, — Didst thou ever find me a Man given that way?

*Mrs. W.* I wonder you have the Assurance to look me in the Face! I find your Suspicions of my Vertue, proceeded from the Weakness of your own — Un-

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grateful Man! Have I kiss'd and hugg'd you in my Arms for this? [*Bursts seemingly into Tears.*]

*Lucy.* Ah! did ever I think this of you, Sir? You, who have such a tender, fond, loving, lovely Wife of your own! I can't help weeping to see my poor Lady so ill-treated.

*Wat.* Was ever innocent Man thus baited?

*Mrs. W.* Ah, *Mumps!* I never thought you were such a Hypocrite. — How often have you told me, what a crying Sin Adultery is! And —

*Wat.* This must be a Trick to abuse me! — Get out of my House, Sir. Zounds, get out of my House!

*Ned.* Get out of your House! Get ready your Bail, Sir. The Allegations against you are so plain, and positive, you'll scarce have any Room for an Evasive Answer, or to cross-examine the Witnesses upon New Interrogatories, Sir, — Mind that.

*Wat.* You and your Interrogatories had best march off, Sir, without any more to do, or —

*Mrs. W.* If I might advise you, make up this Matter, and don't expose yourself.

*Wat.* Why *Pud!* do you think I am guilty, *Pud?* Oh *Lud!* oh *Lud!* oh *Lud!*

*Mrs. W.* Why, can you have the Assurance to deny it, after what the Gentleman has said?

*Ned.* His denying it, Madam, will signify nothing; we have unquestionable Proofs; Causes of this Nature never come into our Court without Demonstration. — He must undergo the Sentence usual in these Cases. — Which is, To stand in a White-Sheet, and humbly confess his Faults before the Congregation. Besides which, [*Turning to Him.*] you will be compelled to pay Costs and Damages. — And if you are found Guilty of Contumacy, as your present Behaviour seems to promise, we shall get you Excommunicated.

*Mrs. W.* Excellent Fellow! [*Aside.*]

*Ned.* Upon which comes out the Writ *Excommunicato Capiendi*: That, whips you up in an Instant; carries



carries you to the next Jail, and delivers you into *Salvo Custodio*; without Bail, or Mainprize.

*Wat.* What, ho! within there? Where are all my Rascals? Hussy, go look 'em, [*pushes Lucy*] and bid 'em call a Constable. I'll Bail and Mainprize you, I warrant you, Sirrah: Why don't you go?

[*To Lucy.*]

*Lucy.* I'll not stir a Step: You wicked Man, you!

*Ned.* A Constable!—that may not be so well. [*Aside.* I'm not afraid of a Constable, Sir. Send for him, and welcome; but the least Noise you make in this Affair, the better, Sir *Nicholas*!]

*Mrs. W.* Sir *Nicholas*! here must be some Mistake in this; my Husband's Name is not *Nicholas*, Sir!

*Ned.* What say you, Madam? Is not this Sir *Nicholas Widgeon*?

*Wat.* No, nor *Woodcock* neither, as you shall find, Sir!

*Ned.* Bless me! What have I been saying all this while? I ask your Pardon, Sir, with all my Heart. How the Vengeance cou'd I make such a Blunder? I was directed next Door to the *Sun*.

*Lucy.* If I mistake not, Sir *Nicholas* lives at the next House but one. I am glad to find it a Mistake, Sir, and that you are not guilty of wronging so good a Woman, as my Lady is.

*Wat.* It is a very pretty Mistake, tho', to come into a Man's House, and abuse, and threaten him with White-Sheets, Penance, and the Devil; and then, I ask your Pardon, Sir. A Pox on you and your Pardon too, Sir.

*Ned.* Nay, you have Reason to be angry, I own, Sir——and I wish I knew how to make you some Satisfaction.——Madam, Can you forgive me? Upon Honour, I'm in such Confusion!

*Mrs. W.* I believe him. [*Aside.*] The Pleasure of finding my Husband innocent, inclines me the more easily to pardon your Mistake, Sir.

*Ned.*

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*Ned.* I protest, Sir, I am very much out of Countenance!

*Wat.* I wish you were out of my House, Sir.—

*Ned.* If you shou'd ever have any Business in *Doctors Commons*, Sir, I assure you, no Body shall be——

*Wat.* I assure you, Sir, that nothing can oblige me more, than to see your Backside; and so, sweet Mr. *Proctor*, with your *Excommunicato Capiendi*, I am your very humble Servant.

*Ned.* Sir, I am yours intirely. [Exit.]

*Mrs. Wat.* Charming Fellow! [Aside.]

*Wat.* Pox take him, he has given me the Palpitation of the Heart, which I shan't get rid of these two Hours.——Why, what a multitude of Troubles will this poor Sir *Nicholas* be in now? His *Sweet Meat* will have *Sore Sauce*.——Odd, there's a pretty Penny to be made of these Cuckold-making Dogs, if one could but catch 'em Napping. [Aside.]

*Mrs. W.* [Aside.] Well, this is a Jewel of a Man, *Lucy*.

*Lucy.* Ay, Madam, this Man has a Genius, and deserves a Woman. [Aside to her.]

*Wat.* I can't get this Fellow's Mistake out of my Head; it is a curst odd one, methinks. [Aside.]

*Lucy.* How does your Foot do, Madam?

*Mrs. W.* Pretty well, I think, *Lucy*: Your Hand has done me exceeding Service, *Mumps*.——

*Wat.* Ay, ay, Chick, ev'ry one don't know the Virtue of a warm Hand.——I don't like this sudden Cure.——To roar out, but now when I touch'd it; and now to walk about, as if nothing ail'd her. [Aside.]

*Lucy.* If you were a Surgeon, Sir, and cou'd effect Cures so soon, you'd grow Rich apace.

*Wat.* [Aside.] I wish you, and your Mistress, have not all your —— I might not always be so lucky.

*Lucy.* To prevent your being made a Cuckold, I grant you. [Aside.]

*Wat.*

*Wat.* I took this, just in the Nick.

*Lucy.* Or she had Nick'd you.

[*Aside.*

*Wat.* That is to say, just as 'twas done.

*Lucy.* Nay, before it was done; to my Lady's Sorrow.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. W.* Well, *Mumps!* I must remind you of your Promise: I must go out to Day.

*Wat.* Fy, fy, you would not walk upon your Foot so soon; would you?

*Mrs. W.* Pho! I tell you my Foot is well: Besides, I can take a Chair.

*Wat.* Prithee, what Business hast thou abroad, Wife?

*Mrs. W.* Why, I want to go to Chapel, in the first Place.

*Wat.* The Saints will hear you as well, from your Closet.

*Mrs. W.* I can't Pray in my Closet.

*Wat.* Nor any where else, I believe.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. W.* Besides, here are Priests in London.

*Wat.* Ay! Enough to corrupt the whole Nation.—

*Mrs. W.* And it is a mortal Sin not to Confess, when 'tis in one's Power to do it.

*Wat.* Pray, what Sins have you committed, that you are in such haste to unburthen?

*Mrs. W.* You are not qualify'd to know.

*Wat.* Well, since your Conscience accuses you, you shall have a Priest. I'll send to the What-d'ye-call-'em Ambassador's, for one of his; who shall take your Confession in your Closet; but I'll stand at the Door: For I would not trust one of these Pardon-felling Rogues: They have such convincing Arguments for Cuckoldom.

*Mrs. W.* Why, do you think, Sir, that I'll be shut up thus, for ever?

*Wat.* Nay, if you begin to exalt your Voice, then I must tell you, It is my Pleasure to have it so. Let that suffice.

*Mrs.*



*Mrs. W.* No, that will not suffice; for it's against my Inclination.

*Wat.* Which is not to be suffic'd? for you are never satisfy'd with gadding; if we Husbands shou'd always follow our Wives Inclinations, we should be in a fine Condition.

*Lucy.* I am sure you have all Conditions, but good ones. [Aside.]

*Mrs. W.* Is this your Matrimonial Vow! to imprison me; You that wou'd Cherish, Love, and Worship me!

*Wat.* So I do, don't I, my dear Flesh and Blood? Thou are my Goddess, and I adore Thee; and cannot suffer Thee out of my Sight.

*Lucy.* If you Two are One Flesh, how come you to have such different Minds, pray, Sir?

*Wat.* Because the Mind has nothing to do with the Flesh.

*Mrs. W.* That's your Mistake, Sir; the Body is govern'd by the Mind. So much Philosophy I know.

*Wat.* Yes, yes; I believe you understand Natural Philosophy very well, Wife: I doubt the Flesh has got the better of the Spirit in you.—Look ye, Madam! Ev'ry Man's Wife is his Vineyard; you are mine, therefore I Wall you in. Ads-budikins, ne'er a Coxcomb in the Kingdom, shall plant so much as a Primrose in my Ground.

*Mrs. W.* I am sure, your Management will produce nothing but Thorns.

*Wat.* Nay, ev'ry Wife is a Thorn in her Husband's Side; Your whole Sex is a kind of Sweet-Bryer, and he who meddles with it, is sure to prick his Fingers.

*Lucy.* That is, when you handle us too roughly.—

*Mrs. W.* You are a kind of Rue; neither good for Smell nor Taste.

*Wat.* But very wholesome, Wife.—

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. W.* Ay, so they say of all Bitters; yet I wou'd not be oblig'd to feed upon Gentian, and Wormwood.

*Wat.* No, you like Sweet-Meats better.

*Mrs. W.* Confinement wou'd Cloy me with Them too.

*Wat.* Or you are no Woman.——

*Mrs. W.* But what do's this signify to our Marriage Articles? You know the Forfeiture, if you deny me Ghostly Aid.

*Wat.* A Thousand Pounds.—— You bit me there.—— Have a care I don't bite you again. [*Aside.*]— Well, well, you shall have this Ghostly Aid—— But do you consider, you never had the Small-Pox, and it never was so Mortal as now; therefore it is not convenient you shou'd go Abroad; indeed it is not, *Pudsey.*—— 'Tis out of pure Love to thee, Faith, my Dear; for the Small-Pox wou'd spoil that pretty Face: It wou'd truly, *Pud*: Prithee now, believe thine own *Mumps.*——

*Mrs. W.* Away!—— I hate your Wheedling. Those who languish under the Plague, need not fear the Small-Pox.

[Exit with Lucy.]

*Wat.* Humph! Say you so? I shall indeed be a Plague to you, if I catch you tardy, Gentlewoman. Odd, I can't put this Foot of hers out of my Head; it looks like an Excuse to conceal some secret Failing, and puts me in mind of a youthful Stratagem of my own. Having been a little Familiar with one of my Mother's Maids, and like to have been caught; I cut my Finger, and pretended I came for a Rag to bind it up.—— This Fellow with his *Ex-communicato Capiendi*, too, may have more in't than I can see through: I resolve to examine my Servants, if ever they saw him before; but in Personating this Priest, I shall know all.

*Lucy listening.*

*Lucy.* Shall you so?

*VVar.* I have bespoke a Disguise; and am resolv'd to take her Confession my self.

*Lucy.* Indeed! — My Lady shall know your Contrivance; and if she does not fit you for your Curiosity, I am mistaken, old Gentleman.

[*Exit.*

*VVar.* If she has Cuckolded me, tho' but in Thought, I will enjoin her such a Penance!

*'Ounds! I'll so swinge, so mortify the Fade,  
That she shall ne'er forget my Ghostly Aid.*



ACT





## A C T III.

SCENE, *Widow Headless's House. She Wiping down the Dust with her Handkerchief.*

*Enter Judith.*

*Widow.*



UDITH! What hast thou been doing all this Morning, that my Dressing-Room is in this Pickle?

*Jud.* Pickle!

*Wid.* Ay, Pickle, Sauce-box; Why dost thou Echo me?

*Jud.* Eccho you!

*Wid.* Again! — Indeed I shall slap your Chaps, if you don't learn to leave off repeating my Words after me.

*Jud.* After you! — Marry, I —

*Wid.* [Gives her a Box o' the Ear] You will do it then.

*Jud.* Will do what? Chem zhour, chem can do nothing to please you! Chem clean'd it as it hod bin vor min Life; zo I dud.

*Wid.* Life! what is thy Life, Muck-worm, to a clean Room? Dost thou imagine Rooms lie thus at Court? Ha, Slattern?

*Jud.* They can't lie better, I think.

*VVid.* Think! Why dost thou think, Animal? What hast thou to do with Thought? Mind thy own Business, and never puzzle thy Noddle with Thought.

*Enter Sir Philip, and Tally.*

Bless me! my Lord, and Sir *Philip*! —I am asham'd to be caught in this Disorder!

*Sir Phil.* My Lord and I have been fetching a Walk, and I could not persuade his Lordship to pass by your Door, Cousin, without calling. You are his North, and he is embark'd in the Cock-boat of Love, and is constantly pointing this way.

*VVid.* You are very pleasant this Morning, Sir *Philip*. But. —

*Tally.* I ask your Pardon, Madam; but finding your Door open, and no-body in the way, the Knight undertook to be Master of the Ceremonies, as well as to answer the Reproaches I might reasonably expect from you, for this Liberty —

*VVid.* Oh, good my Lord, no Apology! That ought to be done by me for the Disorder your Lordship finds me in. —Go, Beesom, and look for your Fellow-Puzzles, and ask 'em, Why they leave my Doors open? I shall be robb'd one of these Days. —Sure, never any-body was so fatigu'd with Servants as I am. Did you ever visit a Lady in a Stable before, my Lord? Oh gad! I shall be stuck, mir'd, laid fast, and forc'd to be dug out like a *Potatoe*.

[*Holds up her Coats, and walks cautiously.*]  
*Tally.* A Stable, Madam! I protest I think your House is as much in Order, as any Lady's in *London*.

*Sir Phil.* Ay, my Lord, there are few of the Quality such Housewives, as my Cousin. If it be your Lordship's good Fortune to marry her, she'll set the Ladies at Court a Pattern.

*VVid.* Fy, Sir *Philip*! This to my Face! it looks like Flattery.

*Tally.*

*Tally.* What would be Flattery to another, is but doing you Justice, Madam. —

*VVid.* Women have no Defence against the fine Things you well-bred Men say. To raise our Vanity, and make us have a good Opinion of ourselves, you are sure, is one way to be well in our Esteem.

*Tally.* I should think myself the happiest Man living, if I cou'd perceive I had the least Share in yours, Madam.

*Sir Phil.* His Lordship complains, Cousin, that you are Inexorable. — Hark ye, one Word with you. — Don't over-stand your Market. A Man of Quality is not to be caught every Day.

*Fain.* [*Listening*] There's an old Rogue, now!

[*Aside.*

*VVid.* Wou'd you have me marry a Man as soon as he asks me the Question, *Sir Philip*? I think, to have an Amour with a Person of Rank known and talk'd of, is one of the greatest Inducements to Matrimony; especially if it gives the rest of my Sex Pain.

*Fain.* [*Aside*] Right Woman, on my Conscience!

*VVid.* My Lord! won't your Lordship please to rest yourself?

*Tally.* My Rest depends upon your Ladyship.

*Fain.* [*Aside*] Who shall never be a Resting-place for you to Tally on.

*VVid.* I'm certain, 'tis not in my Power to give your Lordship Pain.

*Fain.* So — Another Trap! but I'll spoil the Dialogue.

*Enter Fainwell.*

*Tally.* More than your whole Sex.

*VVid.* Your Lordship will make me vain.

*Sir Phil.* If there could be any Addition to the Vanity that thou hast already. [*Aside.*

*VVid.* Oh, *Jeffery*! — Well, have you delivered all my Messages?

*Fain.*



Fain. Be Mess, I think so.

VVid. Ha!

[Looking wistfully at him.]

Fain. How many dud you gr me, Forsooth?

VVid. Madam, ——— Oh the Clodhopper! [Aside.]

Fain. Mrs. What-ni-cull-um, at the Hog's-Head, was gone out, chu'd seem.

VVid. Madam! Blockhead.

[Gives him a Box on the Ear.]

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! this is like to be a diverting Scene.

VVid. How often must I instruct you to behave your self before Company? Will you never learn Manners, Booby?

Fain. No, I shan't, an yow go on at thick same flip-flap Rate. — Nouns, an thick be London-Breeding, send me into the Country agen, I say.

Tally. If I were thy Lady, Fellow, thou should'st have thy Wish.

Fain. Say yow so? Ay! but Curst Cows have short Horns, we say in our Country, — I shall never be your Servant, I hope!

VVid. How now, Saufe-box! do you know who you talk to?

Fain. Yes, I do ——— better than you think for, me-hap.

Tally. [Aside] How's that? 'S Death, if this Bumkinly Dog should know me, he'll spoil all.

VVid. I have a good Mind, Sirrah, to dash your Teeth down your Throat.

Fain. So yow ma' an you wol. What does he meddle wi' me for, then? I dud not meddle wi' him; dud I?

Sir Phil. You'll have your Bones broke in London, Sirrah. I admire my Lord does not Cane you, Scoundrel.

Tally. His being this Lady's Servant protects him.

Fain. No, it is that protects yow; for an I had yow in my Country ———

Tally.

Tally. This Fellow and I must have a little Confabulation. I must stop his Mouth.

Wid. Sirrah, no more of your Impudence; but give me an Account of the Business I sent you about. How does Lady Lucy, Lady Lock-up, Lady Love-it, Lady Set-up, Lady Comely, Lady Revel, Lady Ramble, Mrs. Prim, Mrs. Prude, Mrs. Costly, and Mrs. Travel?

Fain. Nouns! her Tongue runs like the Mill at Vather's Orchard-End, that scares Crows fro' the Cherry-Tree.

VWid. Does it so, Sirrah?

[Runs to beat him, but Tally steps in between.]

Tally. Hold, hold, dear Madam: Let me intercede for Mr. Jeffery this once.

Fain. [Aside.] How civil the Dog is!

Wid. Your Lordship commands me. Well, Mrs. Fisk-out, at the Boar's-Head, which you call the Hog's-Head, Clumsy! was gone out, you say?

Fain. So she was.

VWid. How's that?

Tally. [Aside to Fainwell.] Madam! — Jeffery — Madam — You forget.

Fain. Madam —

VWid. Hoa! you have squeez'd out Madam at last.

Fain. Squeez'd — Od! would I had the squeezing of yow.

VWid. How, Sirrah, you squeeze me! — My Lord! Sir Philip! Did you ever hear such a Varlet!

Tally. You see, Madam, your Beauty reaches all Degrees. He speaks his Heart, I dare swear.

Sir Phil. You have him as you breed him.

VWid. Oh, that's barbarous, Sir Philip. You don't know the Pains I take with my Clodpated Family. — Well!

[Looking at Fainwell.]

Fain. Yes, they are well, Madam. — An hope yow are well, Madam — And they'll all — or some of them, come to see yow, Madam. — So they gi' their Loves — Loves? No, no — So they gi' their Service to yow, Madam — An, an, an, an, So

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So that's all, Madam. — There's Madam enough for yow now, I think, if yow know when you have enough.

*Tally.* Now *Jeffery* has done it. Ha, ha, ha !

*Wid.* I have been teaching him the distinguishing Rap, these three Days, and yet, I warrant, he'll knock with the sneaking Air of a Taylor. Let's hear how you perform ? *[He knocks awkwardly.]*

*Wid.* Execrable! — Didn't I tell you so? — There, Blockhead. — *[She thunders at the Door.]*

*Fain.* By'r Lady! that's enough to fright all the Dogs in Town.

*Wid.* In the Opinion of such a Puppy as you are — Go, bid the Cook set on the Tea-kettle, and cut some Bread and Butter — But, d'ye hear? don't you bring it dangling in your Fift, as you did Yesterday, Sloven — If you do, I shall throw it at your Head, Sir. Remember to bring me nothing without a Plate: D'ye hear? — You han't Breaktasted; I hope, Sir *Philip*?

*Sir Phil.* Yes, long since.

*Tally.* So have I, Madam.

*Sir Phil.* *Jeffery's* talking of Dogs, puts me in mind of a Message from my Daughter. She bid me tell you, she expects a Puppy: Has your Bitch litter'd yet, Cousin?

*Wid.* Not yet, *Sir Philip*: You never saw a poor Creature so big in your Life. *Jeffery* fetch *Misha* hither *[Fainwell going]* — Hark-ye! Hark-ye! — Come back. *[He runs up to her Nose.]* What! — will you run your Nose into my Mouth? Where are your Manners, when you leave the Room? — Still that Scrape? I thought I had shew'd you to bend your Body only, and keep your Feet upon the Ground.

*Fain.* By'r Lady, you'll make an ambling Nag o' me by-and-by. *[Exit.]*

*Tally* *[Aside.]* Nothing but thy Twenty thousand Pounds could make Amends for thy Impertinence.



— I admire you give your-self the Trouble of Country-Servants, Madam.

*Wid.* I would not keep a Town-Servant, my Lord, if they would live with me for nothing. Their whole Attention is Drunkenness and Pride. The dirtiest Trollup in the Town must have her Top-knot and Tickin-shoes. This City spoils all Servants. I took a *Welsh* Runt last Spring, whose Generation scarce ever knew the Use of Stockens: And — will you believe me, my Lord? She had not liv'd with me Three Weeks, before she sew'd Three Penny-Canes round the Bottom of her Shift, instead of a Hoop-Petticoat.

*Sir Phil.* That was something better than a Wench at my House, who dis-rob'd a Barrel, and let all the Ale about the Cellar. One of the Ends of the Hoop working out, discover'd the Trick, and at the same time flung down a Side-Board of Glasses.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Tally.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Wid.* Ay, they do more Mischief than their Necks are worth. If the Parliament don't lay a Tax upon their Pride, there will be no living. I wish your Lordship would take it into Consideration.

*Enter Fainwell.*

*Wid.* Well! —Where's *Missha*?

*Fain.* By Mefs, I can't bring her; not I.

*Wid.* How so? Is she so heavy?

*Fain.* No, she's not so heavy: But I can't make her lie upon a Plate, for the Blood o' me, so I can't.

*Sir Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous enough! —  
Ha, ha!

*Wid.* A Plate, Blockhead! a Plate! Did you ever see a Dog brought on a Plate, Clodhopper? Did you?

[Following him about.]

*Sir Phil.* Pure Innocence, faith!

*Fain.* Nay, how do I know your *London* Vashons?  
—You bad me but now, I'm zure, to bring you nought without a Plate; so you dud.

G

*Wid.*

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*Wid.* What! — Living Things! — Ha, Did I say Living Things?

*Fain.* Living Things! 'S'Blead, the Devil would not live wi' yow — The Cobler wants Six-pence for mending your Clogs, *Judith* bod me tell yow.

*Wid.* These Wretches will distract me! — Is that a Message to be delivered to me in Publick? Ha, Thickscull? — But since you had no more Wit, let me see what he has done for the Money. — My Lord, you'll excuse this Piece of Oeconomy. —

[*Exit Fainwell.*]

*Tally.* Oh! Madam —

*Fainwell Re-enters, with the Clogs on a Plate.*

*Wid.* Did you ever see the Fellow of him, Sir *Philip*? I protest he puts me into an Agony! Why, you Thickscull'd Rascal! — You unthinking Dolt! — You senseless Idiot! — Was ever a Pair of dirty Clogs brought upon a Plate, Sirrah? — Ha? — Was there? — Was there? — Was there? — Hedge Hog?

[*Follows him about and beats him, Sir Philip interposing.*]

*Fain.* What d'ye strick me vor! — The Clogs ar'n't Living Things too, are they? — By the Mess, I'll take the Law of you, so I will, an yow thrash me about at thick same Rate. 'S'Blead, an yow were a Man, I'd dress your Jacket for yow.

*Sir Phil.* Fy, fy, Cousin, this is not like a fine Lady.

*Wid.* That's your Mistake, Sir *Philip*; My Lady *Flippant* beats her whole Family, from her Husband to her Coachman.

*Tally.* [*Aside*] I shall teach you better Manners, if once I get you.

*Fain.* [*Aside.*] O Money! Money! what a Charm hast Thou?

*Wid.* Out of my Sight, Sirrah! —

*Fain.* Who the Murrain, cares to stay in it I wonder? Ah! *Jeffery*! *Jeffery*! thou art right enough served!

serv'd! — Why didst thou leave thy Sweetheart, *Cicely*, to pine away like a Goose in a Penn?

*Sir Phil.* Why then you are False-hearted, *Jeffery*?

*Fain.* I have been Sir; with Shame I confess it, or I had ne'er come under Mistress's Clutches, — But,

*May all false-hearted Men my Fortune have,  
And who slights Woman, be a Woman's Slave!*

I've somewhat to say to you, my Lord, when Time shall serve. *[As he goes out.]*

*Tally.* I'll meet you in *Covent-Garden Piazza*, in Half an Hour. *[Aside to Fainwell.]*

*Re-Enter Fainwell.*

*Fain.* Here's the Knight in Black to speak wi' yow. — Sir, *Sir Freeman*, I think you call him.

*Wid.* *Sir John Freeman*, you mean — Shew him up.

*Sir Phil.* Hold, hold, let me begone first. I have some Reasons why I don't care to see him. — I had some Business with you, Cousin; but I'll send to you. — Will you walk, my Lord? Or shall I leave your Lordship?

*Tally.* I'll wait on you, *Sir Philip*. — I take an unwilling Leave, Madam: But it may not be convenient to press upon your Business. — I long to know what this Fellow has to say to me *[Aside.]* — Your most obedient humble Servant.

*[Exit Tally and Sir Philip.]*

*Wid.* I am your Lordship's —

*Enter Sir John.*

*Sir John.* I ask you Pardon, Madam; I fear my Visit has robb'd you of better Company.



*Wid.* Not at all, *Sir John*: Your Father-in-Law, that was to have been, is just gone out; He seem'd unwilling to meet you.

*Sir John.* Well he might, after his perfidious Usage.

*Wid.* But is your Brother really to marry my Cousin *Olivia*?

*Sir John.* I have Reason to fear it; but hope he will be disappointed. I receiv'd Instructions from *Olivia* to wait on you, Madam, to ask a Favour of you.

*Wid.* She may command every thing in my Power, *Sir John*. What is it?

*Sir John.* That you would give a Lady Entertainment in that Appartment which opens into the Back-street.

*Wid.* What, is it the *Dutch Lady*, *Sir John*?

*Sir John.* The same, Madam,

*Wid.* She's welcome. May her coming prove propitious!

*Enter Judith.*

*Judith.* Here's one Mr. *Freeman*, to wait on you, he says.

*Sir John.* My Brother! What can he want? Does he use to visit you, Madam?

*Wid.* He never was here in his Life! I can't imagine his Business! — Would you see him?

*Sir John.* Yes, yes; but not a Word of the Business I came about.

*Wid.* You don't think me so indiscreet, I hope: Shew him up, *Judith*.

*Enter Ned Freeman.*

*Ned.* Madam, your Servant. Ha! Brother! I'm glad to find you in such good Company. My Brother *Jack*'s a pretty Fellow, Madam.

*Wid.* So he is indeed, *Sir*. He wants nothing but a Wife, in my Opinion.

*Ned.*

*Ned.* [*Aside.*] Brother, I hope you conceive a Widow, when she makes such Wishes in your Favour. — She has Twenty thousand Pounds.

*Sir John.* And what then, Sir?

*Ned.* What then, Sir? Why then He who marries her, will be worth Twenty Thousand Pounds — That's all!

*Sir John.* I would advise You to marry her your self.

*Ned.* I thank you, Sir; but I'm provided.

*Sir John.* So am I.

*Ned.* Why then I wish you Joy, Brother, if you are sure of it. — Madam, I have a Message to you from Sir Philip Money-Love, who intended to have delivered it to you himself; but Company coming in, and being to meet a Lawyer at the Rummer, where I now left him, he was oblig'd to leave your Ladyship without telling you, that he came to know your Resolution about a Piece of Land that he mentioned to you some time ago. He would gladly buy it, or exchange with you for another; because that Ground is contiguous to some Part of his Estate, which he is about to settle upon his Daughter.

*Wid.* Pray, Sir, let my Cousin know, that I gave my Lawyer Orders to treat with him about that Matter.

*Ned.* Where does your Lawyer live, Madam?

*Wid.* At Number [2] in the King's-Bench Walks in the Temple. Sir Philip knows him.

*Ned.* Very well, Madam. — Brother, where shall I see you in the Evening?

*Sir John.* I am engaged this Evening.

*Ned.* You'll make one in a Country Dance to Morrow, I hope? For that is to be my Wedding-day —

*Sir John.* I hope to baulk you yet. [*Aside.*] — I can promise nothing for Futurity, Sir.

*Ned.* Humph! You can't! — what you please, Sir. — Madam, your most humble Servant.

*Wid.*

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*Wid.* How he triumphs !—How can you bear the  
Airs he gives himself, *Sir John* ?

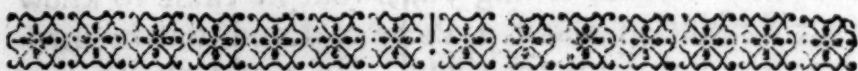
*Sir John.* To do him Justice, Madam, I believe he  
knows nothing of my Pretensions to *Olivia*. He was  
Travelling, when first I made my Addresses ; and  
since his Return, we have not been so well with one an-  
other, to communicate Things of this Nature.

*Wid.* I ask your Pardon, *Sir John*, for keeping you  
standing. Won't you please to sit, *Sir* ?

*Sir John.* Excuse me, dear Madam ; I intend to  
take this Opportunity to see *Olivia*, whilst her Jaylor's  
abroad, let the Consequence be what it will ; and let  
her know, how much we are oblig'd to you, Ma-  
dam.

*Wid.* My good Wishes attend you both, *Sir John*.

[*Exit.*]



SCENE *changes to the Piazza in Covent-*  
Garden.

*Enter Fainwell, Solus.*

*Fain.* **H**A! not here! Sure he do's not suspect me ;  
and apprehend a Duel might ensue ; All  
my Measures are broke, if he should. — Ho! here  
he comes.

*Enter Tally.*

*Tally.* What can this Fellow have to say to me, I  
wonder ? If he has discover'd me, he wants a Bribe.  
But I hope it is not so : for I shou'd be loth to have  
a Secret of this Nature lie in the Breast of such a  
Blanderer. [*Aside.*]— *Mr. Jeffery!* I protest I did not  
see you. — Well, what can I serve you in?

*Fain.*



*Fain.* In nought, that I know of, Zir; but me-haps, I may zerve yow in zomewhat, Zir,—my Lord, I wou'd zay. I beg yowr Pardon, Zir; we dan't zee zouch vine Voke in our Country every Day — zo that I hope yow won't be angry an I thou'd not hit upon your Worshop's Name at every turn.

*Tally.* Angry! no, no, Mr. *Jeffery*, I hate Ceremony. —I find he does not know me; all's safe. [*Aside.*] If it were not necessary that we People of Quality shou'd be distinguish'd by the Titles and Degrees his Majesty has been pleas'd to Exalt us to; I wou'd not care if I were call'd plain *Fack*.

*Fain.* If you were Exalted according to your Merit, you'd take your Degree at Tyburn. [*Aside.*]—Ay, ay, nothing but right, Zir, nothing but right.

*Tally.* But which way am I to be oblig'd to you, Mr. *Jeffery*? I shan't prove ungrateful, I assure you. —

*Fain.* Nay, as for that, d'ye zee—that's not the matter—I dan't want a Bribe. An tho' I be but a poor Fellow, and wears a tawdry Coat here, and am thumpt, and beaten about as you zee, I have an honest Heart in my Belly, and good Blood in me too, for aught I know: For yow mun understand, Vather was my Lord *Firebrand's* Gardiner, when I was got, chou'd zcem, and they zay, Mother was a deadly pretty Woman. —

*Tally.* From whence you wou'd infer, that his Lordship might be your Father—Not unlikely; but go on—

*Fain.* I perceive yowr Lordship is a Suitor to my Mistrefs.

*Tally.* I confess you are a Man of Penetration. I am indeed an Admirer of hers. —

*Fain.* The more's the pity. ——— I'm zorry for't.

*Tally.* Why so?

*Fain.* Because, I'm zure she'll use yow like a Dog: I han't liv'd a Month wi' her, and to my knowledge she has made Fools of Three, or Four; main sightly Men, I promise yow.

*Tally.*

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*Tally.* The Devil!

*Fain.* [*Starts.*] Mercy o' me! Where, Zir? Dyd yow zee any thing, my Lord?

*Tally.* No, no, I was only surpriz'd.——Curse-ly Ignorant! [*Aside.*]

*Fain.* Surpriz'd! be mafs, the Devil wou'd surprize ony Man, an tho' he were the Parfon o' the Parifh.

*Tally.* But has ſhe had ſo many Lovers, ſay you?

*Fain.* Oh, a mort, Zir, a mort: But I can tell you one thing; She likes yow woundy well.

*Tally.* Ay! How doſt thou know that, my Boy?

*Fain.* Why, our *Mary* knows all her Heart, mun, an ſhe tells me ev'ry thing. Odd, an yow knew as much as I cou'd tell yow, yow'r Buſineſs might zoon be done, Zir; my Lord, I wou'd zay.——

*Tally.* Ay! How, prithee?

*Fain.* But won't yow be falſe-hearted now, and tell?

*Tally.* What, againſt my ſelf? No, no, there's no danger of that. Beſides, I hope you don't think I wou'd be ſo ungenerous to you!

*Fain.* Nay, as for that——I'm but a Servant; an one Place won't do, another woll, for that matter. Now what I am going to tell your Lordſhip, is none o' my Buſineſs, as one may zay; but it wou'd make a-body mad to zee a Woman flounce about Houſe, like a Dog in a Ducking-Pond.—Now, Zir, an ſhe had a Husband,—He, he, he, he! why me-haps,—he, he!—me-haps, I zay, he might vind her ſomewhat elſe to do, zometimes. Yow underſtand me, Zir?

*Tally.* Yes, yes, very well, *Jeffery*: If I had her once, I'd make her turn over a new Leaf.

*Fain.* That I dare ſwear. [*Aside.*] Why, that was my very Thought now.—I wiſh yow had her, Sir; But you'll find it a knotty Piece of Work, let me tell yow but that; ſhe deals as Scurvily with her Sweet-hearts, one way, as with her Servants another; and, I Cod, I ha' found her Fingers come flip-flap, this a-way,

a-way, and that a-way, like a Flail upon a Wheat-sheaf.

[*Elinging out his Arms, hits Tally a Slap o'the Face.*

Tally. A Pox of your Similies.—— [Aside.

Fain. Odfave me! Dud I hit yow, Zir?

Tally. Oh, no matter, *Jeffery*.—— Go on——

Fain. I hope yowr Lordship's Worship will forgive me, Zir; I meant no harm, not I, Zir —— But as I was zaying, — Mistress will give yow the Dog to hold, an yow do'no' give her somewhat.

Tally. Think'st thou so, *Jeffery*? Why what woud'st thou have me do?

Fain. Don't yow know that, without telling? There is zomewhat to be don, Zir, beside the Parson, or yow may dangle after her till Doom's Day, to no more purpose, than to winnow Corn without a Wind.—— Her t'other Husband dud n't get her with Compliments, my Lord.——

Tally. No!

Fain. No, no. He had been in *Ireland*, and knew better Things, Mun.

Tally. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Are We thought to have any particular Method to gain the Women, *Jeffery*? For I am of that Country, you must know.——

Fain. Are yow zo, my Lord: Nay, then, an all be true they zay o' yowr Country-Men, one need not tell yow which End to begin yowr Work at.

Tally. Ha! Is she to be won that way? I thank you for the Hint.—— I find thou art a Lad of Parts; and when I am thy Master, I'll have thee taught to Shave, and make thee my *Valet de Chambre*.

Fain. I shall Shave you, I believe, before I have done with you.—— With what an Assurance the Rogue talks. [Aside.]—— I shall be main Thankful to yowr Lordship, an yow do, Zir; When wol yow come to our House agen?

Tally. This Evening.—— What is the best Time to find her alone?



*Fain.* Be mafs, I known't that ; but an yow find her alone, I'll take care Nobody fhall disturb yow, an yow'll put it home to her.——

*Tally.* Wo't thou ! Egad, there's a Guinea for thee to drink my Health, then.—— Never fear, I warrant thee, Boy, I'll have her. *[Exit.*

*Fain.* Ha, ha, ha ! How Generous the Rogue is : Well, I hope by this Stratagem, to give her a Difguft to his pretended Lordfhip ; at leaft, I fhall prove, if fhe has any thing valuable, befides her Money.

*To Talk of Vertue, is the Womens Pride ;*

*But they give Proofs on't, who refift, when try'd.*

*[Exit.*



*Enter Sir John, Solus.*

*Sir John.* **T**HIS is the Houfe ! Oh ! for an Art to make my-felf Inuifible !

*[Knocks, the Porter opens the Door.*

*Por.* Who would you fpeak with, Sir ?

*Sir John.* With your young Lady, Friend.

*Por.* I wonder you'll be fo troublefome, Sir. I told you before, I would not difobey my Orders. *[He offers Money.]* —— I'll have none of your Money, Sir, —— I'm not to be bribed to betray my Truft, I'd have you to know that.

*Sir John.* Then you muft be kick'd out of it, Sir.

*[Pulls him out, gives him a Kick, enters, and fhuts the Door.*

*Por.* Murder ! Thieves ! Murder ! —— This is a terrible Fellow. For my Part I'll never hinder him going in again. —— And now he is in, I wifh I had taken the Money. —— He has fhut the Door, and the Devil take them that open it, for Dick. *[Exit.*

*The*



*The SCENE changes to the Inside of the House.*

*Olivia and Sir John Meeting.*

*Olivia.* **D**ick! Will! *John!* What Noise of Murder  
is that? ——— Ah! *Freeman!* ———

*[Half fainting; he catches her.]*

*Sir John.* My Life! my Soul! Am I become so  
hateful to thee, that thou can'st not bear my Sight?

*Oliv.* How ill dost thou interpret my Surprise!  
The unexpected Joy of seeing thee,  
When no one Means supply'd me with a Hope,  
To tell thee, ——— That to Morrow ———

*Sir John.* Thou art to be my Sister.

*Oliv.* Blast the Name!

*Sir John.* Perish my Brother first. ——— If thou art  
true. If thy Heart has not consented ———

*Oliv.* To him nor any, but thy-self.

*Sir John.* Then not all the Brothers upon Earth  
shall take thee from me. Mrs. *Headless* readily com-  
plied with your Request, and I have sent *Louisa*  
thither.

*Oliv.* Alas! I fear that Lady's come too late.  
The Time's so short, the Plot cannot succeed!

*Sir John.* Dost thou think so? Yet wilt thou stay,  
and sacrifice Thy-self and Me? Consent to fly with  
me, now, whilst *Sir Philip* is abroad.

*Oliv.* But whither shall we fly?

*Sir John.* Where Love directs us.

*Oliv.* I could, methinks, run any Risque with Thee;  
and thou perhaps, wouldst do the same with Me.  
Now in the Summer of our Love, little Cares would  
not offend us: But when the Glowing of the Passion's  
over, and pinching Cold of Winter follows, will

amorous Sighs supply the Want of Fire? Or kind Looks and Kisses keep off Hunger?

*Sir John.* I think they would. But Love ne'er reasons thus, *Olivia.* I fear my Brother's Gawdy Train, has rais'd this Picture of Despair. He, he, has my Estate! Dare I, stript as I am, pretend to vye with him? I, who live upon his Bounty! — Bounty! damn the Word? Live on a younger Brother's Bounty, and see him wed the Woman I adore! — That Thought will hurry me to Madnes!

*Oliv.* You wrong my Love, and I should chide you for it, were our Condition happier. But to shew you I am a Lover-Errant, consider what Trade you can take up for a Livelihood. For my part, I can make Purles by Day, and sing Ballads by Night. Now, if you can grind Knives, or turn Tinker, I'm Yours.

[Slapping her Hand into his.]

*Sir John.* Fortune can never cast us down so low. She owes thy Vertues more, methinks; This Dawn of Mirth, portends a joyful Day. Haste then my Fairest: Let us leave this Place, that we may gain Time, at least, to work *Louisa's* Purpose.

*Oliv.* I'll only fetch a few Jewels; a sure Relief in Time of Need. [Goes to the Door, starts, and runs back.] Undone for ever! my Father's coming up!

*Sir John.* Mischievous Accident! — What shall we do? Humph: [Pauses.] I have it. — Run you to your Chamber, my Angel, and when you hear a Noise, come forth, and wonder.

[Exit Olivia. *Sir John* lies down on a Couch, and pulls his Hat over his Eyes.]

Enter *Sir Philip.*

*Sir John.* Thus to be circled, thus to be embrac'd! Oh! that I could hold thee Ever!

*Sir Phil.* Ha! What's this of embracing and holding for ever?

*Sir*



*Sir John.* The Curtain's drawn, and see! She's here again!

*Sir Philip.* She's here! — Who's here? What is the Meaning of this?

*Sir John.* *Jocasta*! Ha! What fall'n asleep so soon?

*Sir Phil.* *Jocasta*! Who's *Jocasta*? What in the Name of Vengeance, have we here?

*Sir John.* How fare's my Love?

*Sir Phil.* Nay, who the Devil knows?

*Sir John.* Ha! Lightning blast me! Thunder rivet me for ever to *Prometheus*'-Rock, and *Vultures* gnaw out my incestuous Heart!

*Sir Phil.* With all my Soul.

*Sir John.* By all the Gods, it is my Mother *Merope*.

*Sir Phil.* *Merope*! Who, in the Devil's Name, is she? — Ouns! Where are all my Rascals? Now will I be hang'd if here isn't a Pack of Strollers got into my House. Why, Rogues! Villains! where are you all? Who have you let in, Rascals?

[Enter two or three Servants.

*1st Servant.* We let in Nobody, Sir, not we.

*Sir John.* My Sword — A Dagger — Ha! who waits there?

*Sir Phil.* Go look!

*2d. Ser.* Oh Lord! No-body, no-body at all, Sir. Fly, Master, fly! It is a Madman, to be sure!

*1st Ser.* Come away, Sir, come away? He'll certainly kill us.

[Exeunt Servants.

*Sir Phil.* The Devil go with you all —

*Sir John.* [rising] Most triumphant Mischief! — And now, whilst thus I stalk about the Room, I challenge Fate to find another Wretch Like *Oedipus*!

*Sir Phil.* *Oedipus*! Just as I thought; Strollers! neither better nor worse. But how the Devil they got into my House, that's the Question?

*Sir John.* Horror! Death! Confusion! Hell! and Furies!

Where am I?

*Sir*

*Sir Phil.* Where you shan't be long, I promise you.  
—Ouns, 'tis that beggarly Badge of Quality, *Sir John Freeman!*

*Sir John.* Oh, my *Jocasta!*  
Let me hold Thee thus, thus to my Bosom,  
Ages let me hold thee!

[*Runs, and catches Sir Philip in his Arms.*]

*Sir Phil.* Murder, Murder! 'S'Death! the Rogue  
will squeeze my Guts out.

*Enter Olivia.*

*Oli.* Bless me! what is the matter, Sir? —Ha!  
*Sir John!*

*Sir Phil.* How you stare, Mistress! —You did  
not know that he was here! —No, not you —You  
was not to have been an Actor in this Droll, I war-  
rant.

*Oli.* Not I, indeed, Sir. I heard you cry out, and  
came to know the Cause.

*Enter Footmen.*

*1st Foot.* What is the Matter, Sir?

*Sir Phil.* I'll tell you, Rascals, by-and-by.

*Sir John.* Gentlemen, you are very welcome to stay  
and see the Play; but I must beg it may be on the  
other side the House. You'll crowd the Scenes so  
much, that the Actors can't enter.

*Sir Phil.* The Actors! What Actors, Sir! —Ouns  
do you think I am to be droll'd out of my Daughter?  
—I thought I had forbid you my House?

*Sir John.* Pish, pish; you are out, Sir; confound-  
edly out —Hark-ye! Did you ever rehearse this  
Part, Sir?

*Sir Phil.* 'S'Death he'll make me Mad! —I shall  
make my Part good with you, I fancy. Fetch me a  
Constable.

*Sir John.*

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*Sir John.* Out again! — A Constable! Why, there is not such a Word in the whole Play. A Constable! why, they never heard of such a Thing in *Thebes*!

*Oli.* Alas, Sir! don't you perceive his Brain is turn'd?

*Sir Phil.* His Brain! If he had had any Brains, he had not lost his Estate.

*Sir John.* If I had had your Conscience, I should not. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Phil.* [*pulling off his Hat.*] Sir, will you be pleas'd to walk out of my House.

*Sir John.* Look-ye, Sir, if you study your Part no better, I'll forfeit you, by *Jupiter*. — Hold, hold, hold! Ad's-Heart, Madam! You enter'd too soon — Oh think of something to defer this Marriage, tho' but for a Day. [*Aside to Olivia.*]

*Sir Phil.* What a Vengeance are you whispering? ha?

*Sir John.* Why, was that your Cue, now? If you don't mind your Cues, you can never make an Actor, Sir. — Here, Sir! here's a Woman for you, who never trod the Stage before, yet I'll be bold to say, That she'll surprize you. — Come! hold up your Head, my Dear — Mind your Business. — Enter boldly, and when you *Exit, Exit* — nimbly — Thus — [*Exit.*]

*Olivia.* I wish I could *Exit* with thee. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Phil.* Stark Mad! This comes of sticking to Principles! I have known Principle starve Five hundred Fools; but never knew it feed one Wise Man yet.

*Oli.* It will never starve you, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Phil.* I'm glad he's gone — Come, come, dry up your Tears, and think of him no more. A Coach with Six before, and Six behind, with a pretty Fellow in the Middle, will make Amends for Beggary, and Madness.

*Enter*



*Enter Ned Freeman.*

**Here's Mr. Freeman!** Leave your Sniveling, and mind your Obedience, I command you.

**Oli.** Souls know no Command, tho' Bodies do.

**Ned.** I deny that Position! I am all yours — All, and All, and ev'ry Part.

— Command, and try your Power.

**Oli.** It shall be then, to see my Face no more. *[Exit.*

**Ned.** A very extraordinary Wife, I'm like to have, truly! — Very singular in her Manners, Faith! —

**Sir Phil.** Oh, never mind what a Woman says, or does, before Marriage. She'll be gentler after.

**Ned.** That's doubtful; for I can't perceive her to have the least Inclination for me.

**Sir Phil.** Pish, pish; when you have been Married a Night or Two, you'll tell me another Story, Mr. Freeman — Her Mother was thus before her.

**Ned.** I wish it may prove so, Sir Philip:

*For who by Force the Courted Bliss receives;  
Ne'er tastes the Joy the Willing Fair-One gives.*





## A C T IV.

S C E N E *Watchit's House.**Watchit, Solus.*

*Wat.* AS ever Man so Cheated, Chous'd,  
 and Cuckolded, as I am? By a Priest  
 too, a Pox of his Sanctity! Well,  
 this was an admirable Contrivance.  
 Little did she think, who was her  
 Ghostly Father. Ah! the Wickedness of this Age!  
 Ah! *Tim! Tim. Watchit!* all thy Care is vain. Zounds!  
 why did I grope for what I fear'd to find? I was  
 but a Cuckold in Conceit before; now ev'ry Fool will  
 hang his Hat upon my Horns! Oh! that I had her in  
*Spain!* I'd Spitch-cock her, like an Eel.—But just  
 Revenge is counted Murder, in our Country; and a  
 Man must be Hang'd for doing himself Justice.—  
 This Priest must be a Conjurer! he must have some  
 Charm to make me sleep sound; or, he cou'd never  
 have come to Bed, and I not hear him. Nay, she  
 says ev'ry Door in the House flies open as soon as he  
 approaches.—These are fine Holy Guides, tru-  
 ly; No wonder there's so many Female Profelytes,  
 when the Priests take so much Pains to Convert  
 'em.—Which way shall I be Reveng'd of this  
 I Cuckold-

Cuckold-making Dog? [*Pauses*] —No, that won't do. —Ay, it must be so. —

[*Goes to the Scene, and calls.*]

*Pud*, Why *Pud*, where are you, *Pudsey*?

*Enter Mrs. Watchit.*

*Mrs. VV.* Did you call, *Snub*?

*VVat.* *Snub*! Why how many Names must I have, ha? *Snub*! Pray who taught you that Name, Wife?

*Mrs. VV.* Taught me! Why, do you think I don't know how to put four Letters together?

*VVat.* Ay, the Priest has taught her the Art of Coupling; Pox take him for't. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. VV.* But what did you call me for?

*VVat.* To tell you that some Affairs oblige me to go out of Town to Night; and that you must not take it ill, if I lock you into the House, that Nobody may come in or out, till I come back.

*Mrs. VV.* Ay, into my Chamber if you please; I begin to Relish my Confinement tolerably well — But may it not be dangerous to Travel so late?

*VVat.* For her Ghostly Father, it may, if I catch him. [*Aside.*] No, no, not at all. Go, get you to your Chamber, *Pud*, I'll follow you; perhaps I may take a Nap before I go. —

*Mrs. VV.* I wish it might be your Last. — *Lucy* shall give Mr. *Freeman* Notice of this lucky Opportunity, [*Aside.*] Well, as you please, *Snub*: I'm all Obedience. [*Exit.*]

*VVat.* If you were, *Snub*, I shou'd be too Happy. Ah! She is a delicious Bit! a tempting Morfel. Ah! these Priests! these pamper'd Priests! What wou'd become of good old *English* Property, had they once Footing here again? S'death, what had I to do with Beauty? What Business had I for a Wife, a handsome Wife? Of all Men living, I'm the most unqualify'd for a Husband! Husbands shou'd be kind, sociable,



able, courteous, gentle, loving, blind Animals; if they are so bewitch'd to pitch on Beauty.

*For he who Marries with a handsome VVife,  
Engrosses all the Plagues of human Life.*

[Exit.]



SCENE changes to Mrs. Headless's House.

*Enter Mrs. Headless on one side, and Fainwell on t'other.*

Fain. **D**UD yow call, forsooth,—Madam?  
VVid. Fy, fy, Jeffery, will you ever be this stupid Wretch, notwithstanding all the Pains I take with you? Is not Madam, as soon, and as easily pronounc'd as Forsooth?

Fain. Ay, every whit, d'ye zee, an I cou'd but hit on't; but my Memory is short, an yow hare a-body zo, that yow fright it out o' one's Head agen—Madam.

VVid. Hare you, Quotha! I'm sure you Craze me. You behave your self so awkwardly before Strangers, they will believe, perhaps, that I don't understand better. When I'm alone, I don't care: Nay, sometimes your Blunders conduce to my Pleasure.

Fain. I cou'd find a way more conducive to her Pleasure, if she'd give me leave. [Aside.]

*Enter Judith, and Sam.*

Jud. There's Mistrefs; An yow mun gi't her yowr zelf; gi't her, an yow wol.

[Exit.]

*Sam.* My Master, Madam, gives his humble Service to you; and begs the Favour of an Answer.

[Gives her a Letter.

*VVid.* I admire your Master will give himself and me this Trouble, when I have so often assur'd him 'tis to no purpose.

[Opens the Letter, and looks over it.

*Sam.* Sure, I have seen your Face before, Brother.

*Fain.* Ma hap, yow may, Friend, and ma-hap, yow mayn't.

*Sam.* Are'n't you Gloucestershire?

*Fain.* Yes, I am.—I won't deny my Country.—

*Sam.* Is not your Name *Crumplin*?

*Fain.* Ay, marry, is it; be melf, I shou'd know yow too!

*Sam.* Honest *Jeffery Crumplin*! I'm glad to see thee.

[Kisses him.

*Fain.* P'lhaw! I dan't like this zame flabbering Vashon.—But, pray, what may one call yow? I know yow'r Face.—Ah.—

*Sam.* My Face! Why I can't be so alter'd in Six or Seven Years, sure! my Name is *Sly*!

*Fain.* Odd sa' me! *Sam Sly*! gi' me thy Hond, [Shakes him by the Hand.] Well, an how! an how have yow done, *Sam*, e'er sen we us'd to break one another's Head at Cudgels, ha? they told me yow was gon over Seas.—

*Sam.* I han't been in *England* above Six Weeks.

*Fain.* Say yow zo! Good lack! Well, an have yow bin in *Gloucestershire*?

*Sam.* Yes, I came from thence but t'other Day; I liv'd with Mr. *VVorthy*.

*Fain.* What, Master *VVorthy* of *VVorthy-Hall*?

*Sam.* The same.

*Fain.* Odd, yow had rare luck, hark-ye, to light on zo brave a Place. Well, an dud yow zee our Volk? how do Vather, and Mother, and Sisters? Ha?

*Sam.* All well, and brisk, *Jeffery*.

*Fain.*

*Fain.* Odd, Master *VVorthy* is a main honest Man.

*Sam.* As lives by Bread, and as well belov'd.

*Wid.* Ha! these two Fellows are acquainted, I find. [*Aside.*]

*Sam.* They wou'd have my Master set up for Parliament-Man.

*Fain.* I wish he were qualify'd for it. [*Aside.*] An he does, I'm zure he'll carry't: An Mr. *VVerthy* comes to Rule the Roast, we shall zee better Times, I'm perswaded.—Well! besure I'm huge glad to zee yow,

*Sam.*—Where may a body zee yow, some Day to drink a Pot to all our Friends in *Gloucestershire*? ha? I have zome there, I believe; ha?

*Sam.* I'll call on you some Evening, and shew you where I live,

*Wid.* Mr. *Worthy* writes me word, that he is going to *Jamaica*. It is only a Pretence, I suppose. I'll hear what his Servant says [*Aside.*] Is your Master going to Travel, young Man?

*Sam.* Not for his Pleasure, Madam——

*Wid.* I did not speak of Pleasure; I ask'd you, if he is going Abroad?

*Sam.* It is in your Power to stop him, I believe, if he is, Madam?

*Wid.* Still foreign to my Question! Can't you answer directly, Friend?

*Sam.* That depends so entirely upon your Ladyship, that it is impossible to answer you directly.—I know he has an Uncle dead in *Jamaica*, that has left him Forty Thousand Pounds; but I also know, he is so much in Love with your Ladyship, that he does not care Forty Shillings for't.

*Wid.* The Fellow's Mad! Not care for Forty Thousand Pounds? Why, the fourth Part on't wou'd purchase a Barony!

*Fain.* If I had the Sixth Part of it, I'm sure thou shoud'st never purchase me. [*Aside.*] What! is that zame Uncle dead, that came over once with a huge sight o' Blackamoors at's Tail?

*Sam.*



*Sam.* Ay, ay, *Jeffery* ! he's Dead.

*Fain.* Is he zo ? He was mainly Rich, chu'd seem ?

*Wid.* You are mainly Impertinent, chu'd seem.—  
Pray, ask your Country-Man here, if he puts in his Verdict, when his Master's talking ?——Pray tell, *Mr. Worthy*, that I shall be at Home all this Evening ; and he may, if he pleases, give me an Opportunity of wishing him a good Voyage.—

*Fain.* To the Island of Matrimony ? or I shall make but a broken Voyage of it. [Aside.

*Sam.* I shall inform him, Madam.

[Exit.

*Wid.* How came you to know this Gentleman, *Jeffery* ?

*Fain.* Who ! Master *Worthy* ! Why ev'ry Body knows him in *Gloucestershire* ; Vather has work'd for him, and the old 'Squire, these Twenty Years chu'd seem. He's a fine Man, and has no more Pride in him, than I have. He keeps a topping House——He has humming *March Beer* ! and deadly strong *Cyder* ! There's rare Doings at *Cursmas*.

*Wid.* What Doings ?

*Fain.* Why, he keeps open House for all Comers.

*Wid.* He ought to be very Rich ; whose Oeconomy is so Profuse.

*Fain.* Rich, Quotha ! Nouns, he knows no End of his Means ; he has a mort o' Land ! I ha' seen a Hundred ; Nay, be mels, I know'n't an there warn't two Hundred, at Dinner in the great Hall, one *Plough-Monday* ; All his own Tenants ; an Master was so familiar and so merry wi' 'em, and made 'em zo, Drunk ! Lord, what Work was there !——

*Wid.* It was a beastly Pleasure ; and no Sign of his Frugality, whatever it may be, of his Good-Nature.

*Fain.* Ah ! he's the sweetest natur'd Man in the World. Nobody ever saw him out of Humour, that ever I cou'd hear on : His Vather, indeed, wou'd bawl

bawl, and make a noise, chu'd seem; but as for thick same Gentleman, he's quite another Thing; he is so good to the Poor, and so loving to all his Neighbours; that there's not a Man Twenty Miles round him, but wou'd run thro' Fire and Water for him.—He is counted a main wise Man too; he makes no more of a Lawyer, or a Justice of the Peace, than, than, than, yow do of me, Madam.—Nay, it's thought by zome Volk, that he is so deep Learn'd, than an he wou'd, he cou'd puzzle, even the Parson o' the Parish.

*Wid.* That may be; and he no Conjurer, neither. He shall know what a Favourite he is of yours.—

*Fain.* That he knows already.

[*Aside.*

*Wid.* You seem to know him perfectly well.

*Fain.* I wish you knew him as well,—Madam!

*Wid.* It is pity he is not a Man of Quality; These Qualifications, tho' I confess they are very bright ones, signify nothing without a Title, *Jesfery!*

*Fain.* I'm sure thy Vanity will never intitle Thee to the Heart of any Man of Sense.

[*Aside.*

*Wid.* Go, get me some Tea.

*Fain.* Did I not hope to Command in my Turn; I shou'd not Obey so readily.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Judith.*

*Jud.* There's a Lady below, that want's yow, she says,—Madam.

*Wid.* Bring her up. — This must be the Lady Sir John, mention'd.

*Enter Louisa, with a Letter.*

*Lou.* 'Tis from Olivia, Madam.

[*Gives her the Letter, she opens it, and reads.*

*Wid.*

*Wid.* You are Welcome, Madam. — I'll wait on you to that Appartment my Cousin mentions. It is impossible Mr. *Freeman* shou'd know it to be any part of my House, when he is brought in by the Back-Door; Your own Servants must attend; I'll give Orders that none of mine are seen on that side of the House.

*Lon.* I am extremely oblig'd to you, [Madam. I have sent a Servant with a Letter to Mr. *Freeman*, and expect his return every Moment. — I'll wait on you, Madam.

*Wid.* Be pleas'd to walk this way. [Exit.



The SCENE draws, and *Louisa* comes forward, meeting *Flora*.

*Lon.* IS *Frederick* come back, *Flora*?

*Flora.* Yaw, ye Vrow, an he heb dat Lettre gi brought.

[Gives her a Letter. Exit *Flora*.

*Lon.* What Pleasure once these Letters gave me!  
And with what Eagerness I broke the Seals!  
Then kiss'd and dwelt upon each poison'd, pleasing Vow!

And thought the Perjury all Faithful Love.

—— But now! ——

I fear to read; so much his Stile is alter'd! ——

[Opens the Letter, and reads.

MADAM,



MADAM,

" I AM not more surpriz'd to hear you are in Eng-  
 " land, than that you so earnestly desire to see me  
 " before I am marry'd. But since you promise it shall be  
 " the last Trouble you'll give me of this kind, I design  
 " to oblige and wait on you immediately, to know your  
 " important Business. If it be to upbraid me with  
 " past Conduct, you must expect but a short Visit, from

Your Humble Servant,

FREEMAN.

Lou. Perfidious Man! well may'st thou fear to stay,  
 To hear those Solemn Vows repeated  
 Which thou didst make so falsely.

*Enter Flora.*

Flora. Here bin Minheer Freeman, ye Vrow.

Lou. Shew him up.

[Exit Flora.]

Oh! my Heart! — Lie still, thou Flutterer!  
 And aid me all the Cunning Courage of my Sex!

*Enter Freeman. Salutes her.*

Lou. That cold Salute, is nothing like my Freeman.  
 You was not wont to kiss me thus!

Ned. Faith, Madam, I keep no Journal of my Plea-  
 sures; so can't recollect how I us'd to behave my-self.

[Walks about.]

Lou. With what Indifference he regards me!  
 Hold in, Resentment.

[Aside.]

Ned. Pray, Madam, what brought you to England?

Lou. Do you ask, why I follow where you lead me?  
 Where shou'd I be, but where my Husband is?

Ned. Hold, hold, — You'll spoil my Marriage —  
 Husband! ha, ha, ha! Don't you rave, Child!

K

Lou.

66      *The*      A R T I F I C E.

*Lou.* Have you forgot the Promises you made me?

*Ned.* No, nor what you gave me in Return, neither, my Dear.

*Lou.* Did you not love me, *Freeman*?

*Ned.* Did I not give thee Proofs of it? How does my Boy do? Ha? I think you must lend him me for a Pattern. You have heard I am going to be Married, I find.

*Lou.* Yes — I've heard such News, but cannot think it true. [Weeps.]

*Ned.* I can't help that. Nay, nay, nay, if you are at that sport, good-bye t'ye. ——— [Going, she stops him.]

*Lou.* You shall not go.

*Ned.* Indeed but I shall, Madam. — Pish! prithee shew me none of your Tragedy-Airs. Let go my Coat. You know, I hate to see Women cry. — To what purpose are these Tears? — I thought I gave you a Caution of it in my Letter.

[Struggles to get from her.]

*Lou.* O do not struggle to be gone; but hear me; My Tears will fall; but I'll strive to suppress 'em.

*Ned.* Do so; For if you have any thing to say to me, you must deliver it in a more entertaining manner, or I'm your humble Servant. Again! Humph! — I imagin'd how 'twou'd be. — 'S'Death! what a Fool was I to come? I hate Upbraidings of this Nature.

*Lou.* I sent not for you to upbraid you. I see too well I've lost your Heart. May she be Happy who enjoys it now. Yet sure your Pity's not extinguish'd too. Not for my sake, but for your Child's, I hope it; Who, if you relieve him not, must perish. — My Father, some Three Weeks ago, expir'd, And left me but a Shilling to support me. Nor have we upon Earth a Friend, if you're not one.

*Ned.* Well! and cou'd not you have told me this, without Whimpering! — Pox o' the old Dog! A Shilling! — What a Duce shall I do with this Heifer and her Calf now! She comes very unlucky too  
at

at this Time. If *Olivia* shou'd hear of her, my Business will be done there. [*Aside*] — Send out your Maid, *Louisa*.

*Lou.* Leave the Room; But when I call, do as I directed. [*Aside.*]

*Exit Flora.*

*Ned.* [*Sitting down.*] What do you pay for these Lodgings?

*Lou.* Nothing. The People are related to a Friend of mine in *Holland*; from whom I brought a Letter. I believe they let no Lodgings. I wou'd not willingly trespass long upon them.

*Ned.* Well, my Servant shall take Lodgings for you. — Dry up your Tears, and come and kiss me. [*Pulls her on his Knee, and kisses her.*] You foolish Girl you, to blubber and spoil your Face at this Rate, when you have nothing else to trust to! [*He wipes her Eyes.*] — So, there! kiss me again, you Chit, you. — I'll take Care of you. I have a Man in my Eye; a Lord too; that is very fond of your Country-Women.

*Lou.* What means my Dearest. [*Rises.*]

*Ned.* To get thee a good Settlement. A Lord's Mistress lives as great as his Wife, and is as much respected in our Country. — And thou shalt be Initiated, according to Custom.

*Lou.* Monstrous, filthy Custom!  
Indeed, my Freeman, I'll be only Thine;  
For after thee, I ne'er can love another.

*Ned.* Pish, pish; Yes, yes, a hundred, I warrant thee —

*Lou.* Unkind, and Cruel! — Can I love —

*Ned.* Well, well, as to Love, that's not essential to a Mistress: Provided the Gallant has your Person, you may dispose as you think fit of your Inclination.

*Lou.* Sometimes to see my Freeman, 's all I wish.

*Ned.* Well, well, you shall see me; but we must manage that Point with Prudence: There must be a *Decorum* observ'd at home. For if it shou'd reach my



68      *The*    A R T I F I C E :

Wife's Ear, it wou'd prevent my seeing you at all——  
Ah, *Louisa*! I wish the Lady I'm to marry, lov'd me  
as well as thou dost.

*Lou.* I hope she does.

*Ned.* No, faith, she says she hates me; so that, for  
ought I know, thou'rt in a fair Way to be reveng'd  
of me.

*Lou.* I wish it not, nor wou'd I seek Revenge on  
thee, more than on my own Heart — *Flora*! [*Goes to  
the Scene, and calls*] — You must drink something  
with me —

*Enter Flora, with Two Glasses of Wine on a Salver.*

*Lou.* Come, Here's to your Future Happiness!

*Ned.* I'll pledge that Generous Toast, and kiss thee  
for't — Why this is as it shou'd be now. [*Kisses her.*]  
If Women understood their own Interest, they'd find  
us less prepar'd to resist the Force of their Good Hu-  
mour, than all the Artillery of Tears, and Ranting!  
—— Egad! methinks thou art as handsome now, as  
when I first enjoy'd thee: Lips, as soft, and panting  
Breasts as hard as ever! — Oh, you are a tempting  
Baggage! [*Embracing her.*] — What if we shou'd try  
to get a Girl to our Boy, *Louisa*?

*Lou.* What! sin a-new, e'er we've repented of the  
past?

*Ned.* Sin! you silly Jade! Come, come, we'll repent  
once for all, my Dear. [*Pulling her.*]

*Lou.* It must be quickly then — Or Life will be  
too short to do it!

*Ned.* What say'st thou?

*Lou.* Forgive me, *Freeman*! Thou art poison'd.

[*Falls on her Knees.*]

*Ned.* Ha! — Dye thou, then, from whose Hand I  
took it! [*Draws, and runs at Flora.*]

*Flora.* [*Shrieking*] Ah! ick heb nit dat ga don,  
*Minheer* —

[*Louisa rises, and runs between the Maid and him.*]

*Lou.*

*Lou.* O spare the Maid, who acted by my Order,  
And turn your Point on me, the sole Aggressor.  
I had no other Way to keep thee mine.

*Ned.* Am I then caught! poison'd! — What! Dye  
the Death of Rats! — Confusion! Murder'd by my  
Whore!

*Lou.* No, I'm thy Wife, thou vile Detractor!  
Thou wou'dst have made me that detested Thing! —  
Shame on thy Project to expose thy Wife!

*Ned.* Wife! Name that no more, I charge thee,  
Lest I forget thy Sex, and spurn thee from me!

*Lou.* Not name it! Yes, I will, whilst Living, name it.  
Call to Mind, who witness'd to your Vows;  
By whom your swore when first our Faiths were plighted,  
It was by yon All-seeing Power Above,  
At whose Tribunal we shall soon appear.  
Death summons now our trembling Souls to Tryal;  
Stript of Excuses, Custom, and Evasion;  
This guilty Deed of mine will fall on Thee.  
There, there, our Marriage Contract is recorded;  
There is a Judge from whom you can't Appeal:  
Your Jury can't be Brib'd to save you:  
Your casting Witness is your broken Vows!

*Ned.* Methinks, her Words pierce, like a Dagger,  
thro' me,  
And more than ever now I wish to Live. —  
Repair thy Fault, and call Physicians hither.

[To Flora.

*Lou.* Call the kind Physician of the Soul,  
Thy Body can receive no help from Art.  
The Poison is too strong, t'admit of Antidotes.

*Ned.* Then Heav'n have Mercy on my Soul. [*Kneels.*  
O my *Louisa!* canst thou forgive me! [*Rises.*  
O could Revenge, the blackest Fiend in Hell,  
Shroud itself beneath that Angel's Form?

*Lou.* Call't not Revenge, but Love. — Be Witness,  
Heav'n,  
I drank the healing Draught, with greater, stronger  
Gust of Pleasure, than others take rich Cordials,

To

To lengthen fleeting Life, which I despise.  
 Since in fair Fame I cou'd not live thy Wife,  
 My only Wish was, We might dye together.  
 Oh! my Heart!

*Ned.* The Poison works! I feel it too in mine!  
 Oh! might I live to make thee Satisfaction —

*Lou.* And wouldst thou do it? wouldst thou marry me?

*Ned.* As willingly as I did ever promise thee.

*Lou.* My Soul revives at thy returning Vertue,  
 Only to bear the Rack of deep Despair. —

Now, now, I do repent the desp'rate Deed,  
 And wish my *Freeman's* Life a longer Date.  
 I shou'd have trod the Paths of Death alone!  
 But 'twill not be! — A few short Minutes hence  
 We both shall be no more!

*Ned.* Oh! Shock of Nature! Bitterness of Thought!  
 Oh! whither am I going? —

Haste! Let the Holy Man be call'd!  
 And 'tis most fit a Lawyer too be sent for.  
 Something I must adjust before I go. —  
 And then, oh! World, farewell! —

*Lou.* Haste, *Flora*, and obey. [Exit *Flora*.

*Ned.* I feel a strange Disorder in my Brain!  
 My Heart beats fast too, and my Spirits flutter!  
 My boiling Blood runs swiftly thro' my Veins,  
 In haste to Man the Last Retreat of Life!

Oh! *Louisa*! wou'd I had Marry'd thee —

*Lou.* Do it now. 'Twill wipe off many Sins from thee,

When we appear in t'other World together —  
 The vertuous Act may plead my Pardon too.  
 If thou canst but forgive the Rashness of my Love.  
 Again, upon my Knees I ask it.

*Ned.* As willingly, as I would be forgiven!  
 A sudden Faintness seizes me all o'er:  
 I will be thine, if Life will last so long.

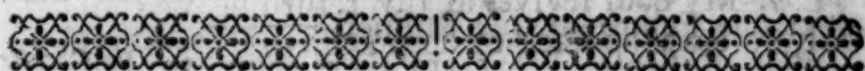
*Lou.*



*Lou.* Blest Sound ! — Come, lean on me.  
I'll lead thee to my Bed,  
Where we will rest, and wait the Holy Man.

*Our Bridal Bed ! from whence we both shall rise,  
Disrob'd of Scandal, to substantial Joys !*

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE *changes to Watchit's House.*

*Mrs. Watchit in a Night-Dress on a Couch.*

*Mrs. W.* I Wonder what carries my Husband out of  
Town, so late ? But no Matter, it gives  
me an Opportunity to see *Freeman*, who I know will  
be here as soon as *Lucy* has given the Signal —  
Ha ! sure I heard the Door go.

*Enter Watchit.*

*Wat.* I have unluckily forgot my Powder-horn ;  
and how I shall find it in the Dark, I can't tell. —  
I don't care to disturb the Family for a Candle.

*Mrs. W.* He is here already ! — Oh, the dear  
impatient Man ! — Bless me, *Lucy*, why did you  
let him come so soon ? I don't think your Master is  
got out of the Street yet.

*Wat.* How's this ?

[*Aside.*]

*Mrs. W.* And if he should take it in his Head to  
come back, I should be terribly frightened.

*Wat.* 'Ounds ! I'm Thunder-struck ! this Dog of a  
*Fryer* is here already ! and of *Lucy's* bringing ! Oh !  
the Jade ! Ad's-heart ! I might have waited without  
Doors 'till Dooms-day.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. W.* Distraction! What have I said? — It is my Husband's Voice! What will become of me now!

*Wat.* Here needs no Conjuraton. My Turtle seems willing enough to coo with him; and is only afraid I should return to spoil Sport. O the Strumpet! But let me hear what this Rogue answers. Which way will she get off now, I wonder? [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. W.* I have no Pretence to get off, but by going on. [*Aside.*] Well, *Lucy* tells me you are the most dextrous Fellow at this Business —

*Wat.* Business! What are they come to Business, already?

*Mrs. W.* I know not why; but methinks, I'm half afraid to venture on a Stranger.

*Wat.* A Stranger! What, then this is a new Rogue? — Ounds! I shall be Cuckolded by Church and State!

*Mrs. W.* How now! What do you mean? You won't offer to come to Bed to me, sure?

*Wat.* You'll take it very ill if he don't. — Ounds, I han't Patience to hear it out.

*Mrs. W.* O Gemini! What do you do? — How dare you be so rude?

*VWat.* There's a Question to ask a Man that she has brought into her Bed-Chamber!

*Mrs. W.* If my Husband should come!

*VWat.* As he really is. —

*Mrs. W.* If he should catch you! —

*Wat.* As he most surely will — Thou Sorceress!

*Mrs. W.* Nay, nay; Indeed, and indeed, but I won't.

*Wat.* Indeed, and indeed, but you will. — This is a thorough-pac'd Cuckold-making Dog! — How softly the Villain whispers! — I can't hear one Word he says.

*Mrs. Wat.* What gave you the Assurance to imagine I'd Cuckold my Husband, who is the best of Husbands?

*Wat.* That's a Lye.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. W.* Let me go, will you? I protest I'll cry out.

*Wat.* That's another Lye.

*Mrs. W.* Nay; Lord! — Pish; don't, — Fy!  
— What do you do?

*[Speaks as if she was struggling with somebody.]*

*Wat.* S'Death! I shall stand and hear my-self  
Cuckolded! — A Light! a Light, there! Thieves,  
Thieves! A Light a Light! —

*[She rises hastily. He pulls out a Pistol.]*

*Mrs. Wat.* Ah, Heavens! what Noise is that? Why  
*Lucy, Lucy!* Thieves, Thieves! A Light! a Light!

*[She gropes about, and lays hold on his Pistol.]* Thieves!

— Ah, a Pistol! Murder! Murder! Oh save my Life,  
and I'll lead you to all the Money, Plate, and Jewels  
in the House. Oh, oh, oh!

*Enter Lucy with a Light.*

*Mrs. W.* Mumps! Oh, save me, save me!

*[Flies about his Neck.]*

*Wat.* Off, thou foul Adulteress! Don't think to  
smuggle me, 'till your lewd Paramour escapes.

*[Snatches the Candle, and looks about.]*

*Lucy.* Bless me, Madam! Master looks as if he  
would eat a-Body! What was all this Outcry for?

*Mrs. W.* I'll tell you anon. *[Aside to Lucy.]*

*Wat.* Where have you hid this Rogue of your pro-  
viding, Hussy? Ha?

*Lucy.* Of my providing? What do you mean, Sir?

*Mrs. Wat.* Nay, nay, don't stand prating; but  
call up the Servants to assist your Master. — Don't,  
dear Mumps, don't be too venturesome. The Thieves  
have Pistols, and may kill thee.

*Wat.* May they so! A Pox o' your Sneer. — Now  
does she look as if she knew not one Word of the Mat-  
ter.

*Mrs. W.* I hope to prevent your knowing one Word  
of the Matter, that's my Comfort. *[Aside.]*

*Lucy.* Why what should she know, Sir?



*VVar.* Go look, Mrs. Pander.

*Mrs. W.* I'm sure, I know nothing, but that I was wak'd with the Cry of Thieves, Thieves! If it was a false Alarm, so much the better: It did me Service, however, for it wak'd me out of a Dream, that frighted me as bad as the Noise did.

*Wat.* A Dream! Why, what was you dreaming on, pray?

*Mrs. W.* Why, methought *Lucy* had brought me a Corn-cutter, a great, fat, clumsy, black Fellow; but the most dextrous Fellow in the World, she told me, at that Business.

*Wat.* [*Aside.*] Ha! I remember *dextrous* was one of the Words she spoke. Perhaps it might be nothing but a Dream.

*Mrs. W.* And the impudent ugly Villain, methought, would have come to Bed to me. I was struggling with him in my Sleep, and vowed I'd cry out, just as the Noise wak'd me.

*Wat.* Say'st thou so, *Pud!* And was all this splutter about a Corn-cutter? — Why then, to tell thee the Truth, thou didst cry out, and I thinking Thieves were got into my House, cry'd out too; for I never dream't of thy talking in thy Sleep, Child. — I don't remember ever to have heard thee before.

*Lucy.* So have I, a hundred times; but your snore so loud, that no-body's Noise can be heard but your own. — This Corn-cutter has put the Corn-maker out of his Head. I smell the Plot already. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. W.* [*Aside.*] It takes, as I could wish — But where was *Freeman*, *Lucy*?

*Lucy.* Gone out, Madam. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. W.* [*Aside.*] 'Twas lucky that he was. — Ah, *Mumps!* I know what you thought.

*Lucy.* Ay, Madam, he thought you had got a Gallant through the Key-hole. Had I a Husband of Master's Temper, I'd fit him, I warrant him. He should not be jealous of me for nothing.

*VVar.* That I dare swear.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* As you are of my Lady. She has a comfortable Life, has she not? To have you vex and teize, and break her Rest for nothing.

*Vvat.* Take care I don't break your Head for something.

*Lucy.* I care not if you do. I will speak. You could not use my Lady worse, if she had Cuckolded you. — You are like some litigious Farmers, who Pound their Neighbours Cattle for a Trespass, tho' they have more Ground, than they can stock themselves.

*Vvat.* Hussy! You have Stock for the whole Parish! — Get out of my Sight, or I'll break your Neck down Stairs.

*Mrs. VV.* Excellent Wench! [*Aside.*] Fy, *Lucy*, how you talk to your Master? I assure you, I shall discharge you my Service, if you don't behave your self better.

*Lucy.* I shall get another, I hope, if you do? Don't think I'll be suspected of procuring Gallants for you! Did he not ask, where the Rogue was of my Procurring? — I'll bring my Action against you, for Scandal. I have nothing but my Reputation to live by. Take That from me, and you take all. If he's your Husband, Madam, he's not mine. [*Bursts into Tears.*]

*Wat.* No, thank Heaven, I have enough of one of you.

*Mrs. VV.* Leave the Room, I say.

*Lucy.* It's for, for, your Sake — or, or — I'd tear his Eyes out! [*Sobs.*] Take away my Reputation! [*Exit.*]

*Vvat.* Oh! the wondrous Reputation of a Chambermaid! — This Slut has strangely provok'd me. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. VV.* [*Aside.*] I wish I knew what brought him back; and if he intends to go again.

*Wat.* [*Aside.*] Ah! that the Husband of that Charming Woman should be Cornuted by a Priest! —

*Mrs. W.* [*Aside.*] What would I give to be rid of his Company? Yet I dare not ask him, how he designs to dispose of himself, for my Soul.

*VVat.* What art thou thinking of, *Pudsey*?

*Mrs. W.* Of your Unkindness, *Mumps*! To pretend Business out of Town, and leave me starving in Bed by myself. I'm sure if you lov'd me, you would not let Business take you from my Arms. Indeed, indeed, you would not, *Mumpsy*.

[In a wheedling Tone.

*VVat.* Ah! those pretty Pouters! I must kiss them, thou coaxing Pug, thou! [*Kisses her.*] Dost thou really love thine own *Mummy*?

*Mrs. VV.* Naughty *Mumps*! is that a Question now! Han't I given you all the Signs of it? Don't I lie close to your Back? and warm your Feet every Night in my Lap? And creep gently out o' Bed in the Morning, without waking you? Don't I? Can you deny this, *Mumps*?

*VVat.* No, nor I won't deny it, *Pudsey*. And I hope you'll allow me some Merit in my Turn, *Pudsey*.

*Mrs. VV.* Nay, *Mumps*, I scorn to derogate from your Merit. I must confess, you never do any thing to break my Rest, but when you are so naughty to leave me. — For then I do so tumble, and toss — and dream — and am so terribly frightened — as I was but now, you know. — Well, I protest, you shan't go out again to Night! — If you do, I won't love you again these Three Days; so I won't.

[*Pats him on the Cheek.*

*VVat.* Thou handsome Creature! Oh! 'twas that bewitching Leer, that snapt my Heart — What has she in her Head now? — I never knew her in this wheedling Humour, but she had some Design [*Aside.*] — Well, *Pudsey*, What is that begging Face put on for?

*Mrs.*



*Mrs. W.* That's a Secret, past your finding out. [*Aside.*

*Wat.* What can I do to please my *Pudsey*?

*Mrs. W.* E'en very little truly. [*Aside.*] —I could tell you, *Mumpy*; but may be, you won't do it.

*Wat.* But may be I will do it. [*In a fond Tone.*

*Mrs. W.* Won't you go out no more to Night, then? But say your Prayers, and go to Bed, and snore like any little Pig in your *Punny's* Bossey?

*Wat.* [*Aside.*] Humph! Now is she afraid of her Ghostly Father. She certainly smokes my Design. — On my Conscience, she's in Love with him. —I warrant, he's a strapping young Dog. —Ounds! if I can but light of him?

*Mrs. W.* What is he pondering on? Pray Heaven he does not take me at my Word, and stay at Home in Complaisance. [*Aside.*] —What won't you answer me, *Mumps*?

*Wat.* Why, *Pudsey*, thy Kindness so confounds me, that I know not what to answer thee. —I am loth to displease thee, and yet I must leave thee instantly.

*Mrs. W.* [*Aside.*] Little does he think, that 'tis the only thing he can do to please me. I hope *Freeman* is come home by this Time.

*Wat.* I only came back for my Powder-horn; that's all, *Pud*; but I'll make all possible haste back: I will indeed, *Pudsey*, to make thee easy.

*Mrs. W.* Or otherwise. [*Aside.*] Well! if it must be so! [*Sighing.*] I must be content, and make my self as happy as I can without you, *Mumps*.

[*In a melancholy Tone.*

*Wat.* Ay, ay, I won't be long from thee. Go, prithee, get me a Dram, I'll but take my Powder-horn, and follow thee — [*Exit Mrs. Watchit.*

*Wat.*

*Watchit Solus.* I know not what to think. Sometimes I think she loves me — and sometimes I think she does not. And if Father Domini comes within the Reach of my Blunderbuss, have at him! If not, she shall produce him: I'll confront her with her own Confession. If once I get him in my Power, I'll turn his own Inquisition upon him. His Church ne'er tortur'd Heretick, as I will him.

*I'll teach him to keep Handmaids of his own,  
And let his honest Neighbour VVives alone.*

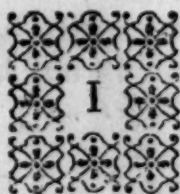
[Exit.



ACT



## A C T V.

SCENE *Mrs. Headless's House.**Mrs. Headless, Sol.**Wid.*

A M strangely divided between Inclination and Grandeur. I confess, I like Mr. *Worthy's* Person better than my Lord's; but marry him, and I shall be call'd plain Mrs. *Wor-*

*thy*: Then, where's the Distinction between me and my Butcher's Wife: And who in their Senses wou'd part with Twenty thousand Pounds, to be nothing but what one was before? My Lord can make me a Woman of Quality, and intitle me to treat all below me with Contempt. That carries a valuable Consideration. — Methinks, there is an Air in the very Footman of a Woman of Quality. He approaches with such profound Submission! And in a Tone so Soft, — Did your Ladyship call, Madam? Whereas, now, my blundering Rascals come trotting up to my Nose, with a *Dud you want me, Forsooth?* — Ha! Lord *Pharok-Bank*.

*Enter*



*Enter Tally.*

*Tally.* I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Intrusion, Madam. It is intirely chargeable on the Impatience of my Love. Command my Absence, I beseech you, if I break in upon your more diverting Thoughts.

*Wid.* I had no Amusements, my Lord, but what ought to give way to better Company.

*Tally.* You do me a particular Honour in that Distinction.

*Wid.* If I had not some Skill in the Choice of my Acquaintance, I should be stifled with Impertinence. The first Lesson I teach my Servants, is, To distinguish between Persons of Rank, and the Drofs of Human-kind. I am pleas'd to find my Instructions are not lost upon 'em, by admitting one of your Lordship's Figure upon such easy Terms.

*Tally.* Such an Approbation from a Lady of your good Taste, cannot fail of inspiring me with a better Opinion of my-self, and a Confidence of my not being unwelcome to my Dear Widow. [*Kisses her*] She kisses softer than a Southern Wind!

*Wid.* Pugh! I hate to be Complimented with Fragments of another's Wit, my Lord. It argues a Decay of Charms in the Person you address.

*Fainwell peeping.*

*Tally.* I own it is a Fault, Madam. Your Ladyship has Beauty enough to inspire the dullest Genius with something New.

*Fain.* [*Aside.*] You mean, she has Money enough to inspire you with Impudence.

*Tally.* *Apollo* and the Muses dwell upon these Lips. Another Kiss, and I shall be—

*Wid.* A Poet?

*Tally.* Whatever you wou'd have me. [*Kisses her.*

*Wid.*

*Wid.* Say you so, my Lord? I have an odd Whim come into my Head.—Will you give me a Proof of my Power, my Lord? I want an Elegy.

*Tally.* On a departed Monkey, or a Favourite Kitten, I presume.

*Wid.* No, upon a Living Subject.

*Fain.* [*Aside.*] A pretty new Invention, to bury People before they are dead.

*Tally.* A Living Subject! An Elegy upon a Living Subject?

*Wid.* You are not inspir'd yet, I find, my Lord. I mean, a Characteristick of human Life; Dead, and yet Existing.

*Fain.* [*Aside.*] Mystery!

*Tally.* Popery! Downright Popery! May the Genius of *England* defend us.—Let me see! What dead Folks have we among the Living?—There's a Disbanded Officer.—An old Beau.—A broken Tradesman.—A Degraded Parson.—A *Quondam* South-Sea Director.—An Eunuch.—An, an, an Old Maid.

*Wid.* You have hit it, my Lord.

*Tally.* Then Crown my Success with another Draught of Nectar. [*Kisses her.*]

*Fain.* [*Aside.*] How warmly the Rogue Kisses! He makes Love with as much Assurance, as if he had Two Bottles of *Burgundy* in his Belly, and a real Title to support his Impudence.

*Wid.* I protest, one shou'd take your Lordship for a Soldier; for you attack a Woman, as they do a Fortify'd Town.

*Tally.* Love, and War agree in every Point, my dear Widow; The Blockade of a Town resembles an obstinate Woman, and a Phlegmatick Lover, who resolves to weary her into Compliance. A Kiss now and then from a diffident Lover, is like stealing a March, and surprizing the Enemy, by a circumspect General. But eager and repeated Kisses, are, like Storming, more glorious to the Assailant.

[Embracing and Kissing her in a Rapture.]

Fain. [Aside.] These Rogues happen into good Company sometimes, one may know by their Gleanings of Wit.

Wid. Oh gad, my Lord, what do you mean, by Ruffling one at this Rate?

Tally. Judge my Meaning, by the Quickness of my Pulse, the Throbbing of my Heart, and Trembling of my Limbs! The unquestionable Proofs of Love, and Eager Wishes for Possession.—Come, come! Thou art no Stranger to a Lover's Meaning!—My Life, my Soul! Let us improve this Dawn of Pleasure.

[Embracing her.]

Wid. As how, my Lord?

Fain. [Aside.] Sure she wou'd not have him tell her in plain Terms.

Tally. P'shaw! for a Woman of thy Experience, to ask that Question!—Come, come, the Sight of the Bed-Chamber, will refresh thy Memory.

[Pulling her.]

Wid. —Pish! —Nay, fy—Be Civil, my Lord.

[Seems to struggle.]

Fain. [Aside.] Humph! —If it be come to Pish, and Fy already, another Volly of Kisses, and she surrenders at Discretion.

Tally. Nay, Struggling is your Sex's Privilege. You wisely know Resistance but inflames Desire.

Wid. I protest, I'll cry out, my Lord.

Tally. With all my Heart. Your Servants know their Duty better than to come, if you do.—Honest Jeffery has taken Care of that.

[Aside.]

Fain. How secure the Rogue thinks himself! [Aside.]

Tally. I will positively enjoy thee this Night—Honourably, if you please.

Wid. Or not at all, my Lord, if you were the First Man of Quality in England!

Tally. Send for the Parson this Minute then.

[Kisses her again.]

Wid.



*Wid.* Oh Gad! You stop one's Breath.—You are the most impatient Man! —

*Tally.* Impatient, quotha! Who can behold these dear Eyes without Impatience for the Blessing? —

*Wid.* Well, my Lord, let us sign Articles: — And then —

*Tally.* I'll give thee a *Chart-Blanche*. Make thy own Terms; so that I may this Night take Possession of these Arms.

*Wid.* Well, since your Lordship will have it so —

*Fain.* Nay, yow mou'not go in, an yow were Ten Master *Worthes* — *[In his own Voice.]* *[Fainwell within, in Jeffery's Voice.]* I tell you, I had your Lady's Commands to wait on her, and must, and will go in: So, sweet Mr. *Jeffery Crumplin*, by your Leave.

*Fainwell rushes in, in his own Dress.*

*Wid.* Oh Gad! that's Mr. *Worthy's* Voice! What can he think, when he see's one ruffled in this Manner! — I'm surpriz'd! — Did not I hear my Clod-hopper's Voice, in a resisting Tone, Mr. *Worthy*?

*Fain.* I was so far out of my Country-man's good Graces, that he wou'd neither bring in my Name, nor permit me to enter.

*Tally.* *[Aside.]* That was in Favour of me. *Jeffery* is a Man of Honour, I find. — But who's this Mr. *Worthy*? Disappointment catch him, for coming so *Mal-a-propos*.

*Wid.* That Fellow is the most impenetrable Sot! — Why did not you break his Head, Mr. *Worthy*?

*Fain.* That's a Liberty, Madam, no Man ought to take in your House, 'till you have made him Master of it. — Were I that happy Person —

*[Takes hold of her Hand.]*

*Tally.* *[Stepping in between them.]* You'd kick everybody out of it, I suppose?

*Fain.* That gives me just Provocation, Sir.

*[Steps in between.]*

*Wid.* If they shou'd quarrel now!—*Mr. Worthy*, pray let me speak a Word with you.—Do you know who this Gentleman is?

*Fain.* Very well, Madam.

*Tally.* Then if you know me, you know your Distance. [Steps between again.]

*Fain.* So well, Sir, [Goes between 'em.] that were you not protected by this Lady's Presence, there shou'd be just the Distance from hence to the Street between us.

*Tally.* How, Sir? [Stepping up to him.]

*Fain.* Through the Window, Sir. [Pushes him away.]

*Tally.* You dare not talk thus elsewhere.

*Fain.* You dare not give me an Opportunity. [In his Ear.]

*Wid.* Dear *Mr. Worthy*, for your own sake, consider what you do.—He is a Man of Quality; and, for ought I know, a Privy-Counsellor.—

[Aside to Fainwell.]

*Fain.* To nothing above a Gang of Pick-pockets, I'll answer for him. Hark-ye, *Tally*; how long have you worn this Surtout of Honour, I beseech you? In what Reign were you created a Baron, pray?

*Tally.* Humph! He knows me, I find.—My Business is done here.

*Wid.* My Stars! Is not he a Man of Quality?

*Fain.* Yes, yes, Madam, I'll give you his Titles in a very few Words.—He is Baron of *Fair-Chance*, and Viscount of all the *Pharoah-Tables* in and about *London*. He has a Pack of Cards for his Coat of Arms, quarter'd with Knaves; and False Dice, in a Field of Impudence.—His Crest is a Fool; his Supporters, are *Parolie*, and *Trait la va*.

*Tally.* [Aside.] The Rogue has Blazon'd me!—But I must carry it off as well as I can.—I hope you'll prove this, Sir.

*Fain.* Oh! instantly, Sir.—*Sam!*

Enter

Enter Sam.

Fain. Call a Constable.

VVid. Not for the World. I beg I may have no more Bustle in my House.

Fain. You understand me. [VVispers to Sam.]

Sam. Perfectly well.—Will your Lordship please to walk this Way.—What think you, my Lord, of a Pot of Porter, to drink to our better Acquaintance?

[In a screaming Tone.]

Tally. A Pox of Ill-luck!—I may find a Time, Sir.— [Exit with Sam.]

Fain. Not to cheat me of my Money, Sir.—Ha, ha, ha!

VVid. I hope you are not mistaken in the Man, Mr. VVorthy.

Fain. I'm glad You were not, Madam.

VVid. Which is intirely owing to your timely Discovery, or I had been undone.

Fain. For which, give me leave to say, you might have thank'd your own Vanity. Nothing but a Lord wou'd go down!—I admire, a Woman of your Discretion, and a Widow too! shou'd prefer Empty Title to Real Pleasure, and mere Shadow to conjugal Affection. [Embracing her.]

VVid. A Fiddle of Affection, Mr. VVorthy; I tell you, I have been Lac'd very tight once in my Life; but having made my Fortune, and got my Liberty, if ever I try again the Matrimonial Bodice, the Lace shall be tagg'd with a Title, I assure you.

Fain. Ah! that will make a Noise in the World; but your Pleasure, like a Squib, will vanish in the Bounce, ha, ha, ha!—To give Twenty thousand Pounds for the bare Name of my Lord's Lady, whilst Ten to One, but your Chamber-maid supplies your Ladyship's Place in his Arms, and rattles about Streets in her *Berlin*, supported out of your Ladyship's Fortune.

VVid.



*Wid.* You seem well acquainted with the Map of this World.

*Fain.* Perfectly, Madam; and have made this Observation, That Women who love to indulge their Vanity, and yet hope for their Dividend of Pleasures, are acting as inconsistent a Part, as they who give a Loose to their Fancy, and at the same Time think to preserve their Reputation.—I tell you, Madam, A Man of Quality will no more throw all his Love upon a Wife, than a Farmer will sow all his Land with the same Grain. The only Way to engross your Joys, is to marry one of us Country-Gentlemen.

*Wid.* To be rival'd by *March-Beer, Tobacco, and Fox-hounds.*

*Fain.* Even those are preferable to Cards, Dice, and a Wench, as you wou'd have experienc'd, had not I come in.

*Wid.* So! now will he value himself upon my Deliverance. [*Aside.*] — Well, well, Mr. *Worthy*, since this Fellow proves a mere *Plebeian*, he is a worthless Rascal; but if he had really been a Lord, what is now Impudence, wou'd only have been the Violence of his Love.

*Fain.* Humph! a very pretty Distinction! — No, Madam, I deny that Position — Love is soft and gentle, as the Morning-Sun in Autumn, mellowing Inclination by Degrees; but its Twin-Brother, like a Foot-Pad, knocks you down, and rifles you at once. — He was impatient for your Money only, Widow. — I, for this dear Person. — Now, why can't you like me as well as a Lord?

*Wid.* Like you! For what?

*Fain.* For what! Why for an unalterable, faithful, constant Doating —

*Wid.* Hold, hold, Sir. Your Epithets are running away with your Meaning. — But to prevent your explaining it, I must tell you, That the very Name of Matrimony with a Commoner, will flatten our Conversation, and make us look very simple.

*Fain.*

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*Fain.* Ay! but there is something so expressive in that Simplicity, that it gives a deeper Impression than all the Gildings of Rhetorick. Ah! my dear, Widow, wou'd you but return my Love, how many *Cupids* shou'd I behold dancing in these Eyes! Nay, and you shou'd see strange Things before Morning.—

*Wid.* Sha! you talk foolishly.

*Fain.* That's inherent to a Lover.

*Wid.* And so you'd have me a Fool too, to keep you in Countenance. A very wise Foundation for the Fabrick of Matrimony.—No, no, I tell you once for all, Though I do like your Person, you and I must never be conjur'd into the Circle of a Wedding-Ring.

*Fain.* And no other Circle will do my Business.—I'll try if she has really a Liking for my Person.

[*Aside.*]

*Wid.* Well! what have I put you in the Dumps, now? Are you considering what Death will revenge you of an ungrateful Mistress. Ha, ha!

*Fain.* No, faith, Madam; I'll live to be reveng'd, and balk your Vanity—

*Then farewell Love;*

*Farewell Love, and all soft Pleasure,*

*Honour calls, and we must part.*

[*Sings in a careless manner.*]

*Wid.* You are the merriest Lover at parting!

*Fain.* I am of *Ben's* Mind, Madam; resolve to be merry, though the Ship were sinking. And since I must never hope to call you mine, I here dismiss all the Retinue of a formal Lover. Such as Vows, Ogles, Sighs, Dreams, Visions, Sonnets, Gingles, Epigrams, Couplets, with a long &c.—Thus, with infinite Struggles, I hope to entertain as mean an Opinion of Matrimony, as your Ladyship, in a very little Time.

*Wid.* Oh! that he had a Title to support this Humour; he shou'd find, I have no mean Opinion of Matrimony.

[*Aside.*]

*Fain.*

*Fain.* And, for the future, shall look upon the Parson's Patchwork, like a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, or *Jerusalem*, fit only for the Superstitious, and People who have periodical Inclinations, to fill up the Vacancies of human Life with a huge Caravan of Children; a long Journey; dirty Road; through the Turnpikes of Jealousy, Anxiety, Suspicion, Animosity, pinching Cares, and a Thousand other Inconveniencies.—By the way, you have travell'd the Stage, and, I suppose, know what I say to be true.

*Wid.* Ha! — All is not right within this Breast. I begin to perceive his Indifference gives me Pain.

[*Aside.*

*Fain.* I fancy the only Object to give one a Surfeit of Matrimony, wou'd be to see a Pair of distemper'd Creatures in the Corner of a Room, in close Conspiracy to deceive one another; very sincerely promising mutual Love for Fifty Years ensuing; when, upon Tryal, a Month's Fruition makes either a Caterwauling Correspondence, or a more peaceable and elegant Way, of Separate Beds.—She seems nettled, I'll proceed.

[*Aside.*] — With this Thought I comfort my-self: And here, Madam, bid Matrimony and You Eternally Farewell—*Who wou'd be led for Life.*

[*Sings and Hums that Tune.*

*Wid.* Eternally! — I wish I had never seen this Fellow.—Lord, how my Heart sinks.

[*Aside.*

*Fain.* Come all ye Winds, come all away,

And briskly in our Canvass play;

Wast me gently o'er the Main;

Farewell, Widow! Farewell, Pain!

*Lara, dera, lara, dera, lal, lal, la!*

[*In the Tune of Over the Hills and far away.*

*Wid.* You are exceeding Gay, Sir.

*Fain.* *Tous jour* Gay, as the French say. I always meet the Frowns of Fortune thus—The Jade may jilt, but never inflave me.—But, to be serious, To morrow, Madam, I embark for the *Indies*. It will be



a secret Pleasure to me, if you'll permit this Paper Room in your Cabinet. It is my Last Will and Testament. If I miscarry in the Voyage, that will intitle you to Forty thousand Pounds, my Uncle's Death enrich'd me with in *Jamaica*; whither I am bound. This is a Proof of my Esteem, though you have forbid my Love.

[Gives her a Paper, and takes up a Book from the Table, and seems to look in't.

Wid. This is an Act so singular, so full of Generosity, that it almost lays me under a Necessity of making you some Return.

Fain. Very singular, faith, if she knew all. [Aside.

Wid. Forty thousand Pounds! — Why one Quarter of that Money, would buy a Barony.

Fain. Quarter me, if I wou'd lay it out that way, if I had it. [Aside.

Wid. Or, suppose you shou'd sell Part of your Estate in, in, in — *Gloucester-shire*?

Fain. Ay! or any other Shire. [Aside.

Wid. A Patent wou'd be no difficult Thing to obtain.

Fain. No! but the Money to pay for it, wou'd. [Aside. Ha! — What's here, *The Pleasures of a Single Life*? Luckily Encounter'd! —

Wid. P'shaw! a Fiddle of *Single Life*!

Fain. Nay, since you have impos'd the Study, Madam, you must give me Leave to con my Lesson.

[Seems to read.

Wid. Pugh! now I'm serious, you are turning every Thing to Ridicule. — About this same Patent, I say; — Suppose you sell part of your Estate.

Fain. Faith, Madam, my Estate is like a Wife, Intail'd; and my Father made me swear, never to levy a Fine upon any Consideration, but making a Lady a Joynture. So that it is like to be mine for Life. — But, I know, this sudden Pretence of yours, is only to try the Strength of my new Resolution. — You are not in Earnest.

*Wid.* Well, pursue your Voyage to *Jamaica*; sell your Effects; return and purchase a Barony; which you may easily do, in Eight or Ten Months, and you shall see if I am in Earnest, or not.

*Fain.* Eight, or Ten Months! Ha, ha, ha! Men love not now, Child, the Patriarchal Way. No, no, I would not trust to a Woman's Promise Eight or Ten Hours.——Marry me before I go, and then——

*Wid.* O! then you won't go at all.

*Fain.* Just the same as if you do not marry me.

*Wid.* But what a ridiculous Figure I shall make, after so many Declarations against *Plebeianism*, when I shall be wish'd Joy by that vulgar Epithet——*Mrs. Worthy?*

*Fain.* If that be an Objection, I'll give you my Honour, you shall never be call'd *Mrs. Worthy*——  
[*Takes hold of her Hand, then snatches it away.*]——  
O the Devil! that Touch has thaw'd all my Resolution, and Love and Folly begin to pour in like a Deluge: But when I think of those terrible Words, *You and I must never be conjur'd into the Circle of a Wedding-Ring*——

*Wid.* This is nothing to the Barony. Look-ye, *Mr. Worthy*, your Generosity has made this Moment yours; but if you don't take me at my Word, Consideration may spoil my Gratitude.

*Fain.* Nay, I'm to be taken in the Moment too. Therefore, if you'll slip on your Hood and Scarf, step into a Hackney-Coach with me, and drive to the *Fleet*, where we may be tack'd together by a Spiritual Journey-man, without a License, or the Knowledge of either your Servants or mine; I promise you, as soon as the Ceremony is over, I'll on Board; make what haste the Wind and Waves will permit; Dispatch my Affairs with the utmost Expedition; and, with the first Ship, return to these dear Arms. 'Till when, 'till when, thy Widow's Name be worn. The World shall be insensible of my Happiness, 'till it rings with thy Honour.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* And you'll perform this?

*Fain.* Most religiously——

[*Embraces her.*

*Wid.* But——

*Fain.* Nay, no more Fairy-Fancies: Give real substantial Pleasure. We Country-Gentlemen are so used to Surloyns of Beef, that we shall starve on the Whipt-Cream of Airy Promises——*Take me, take me, whilst you may* [*Sings, then runs and catches her in his Arms.*] This Moment, whilst my Hopes are high; whilst Imagination represents a Groop of Pleasures, thou'lt find thy Account in't, I warrant thee, Widow!

*Wid.* Oh! I can refuse the dear Man no longer.—— Well, wait in a Coach at the Corner of the Street, and I'll be with you in the Compass of a Wish.

[*Exit.*

*Fain.* Ha, ha, ha! she's caught, by *Jupiter*.

*Enter Sam.*

*Sam.* Joy to you, Sir! I over-heard the Bargain.

*Fain.* Not a Word in the Family.

*Sam.* Not for the World, Sir.

*Fain.* Wait you at my Lodging, with all Things in Readiness for Consummation.

*Sam.* Never fear my Part of the Business, Sir.

*Fain.* What have you done with his Lordship?

*Sam.* Reduc'd him to a Commoner again, Sir; But, the Fellow is a reasonable Creature; provided you'll forgive him, he'll obey your Commands.

*Fain.* Very well! Away, and call me a Coach.

*Sam.* Yes, Sir, Yes.—— [Exit.

*Fain.* Egad, I've earn'd her Fortune by mere Dint of Policy.—— Thus,

*When Truth, and Love, to win the Women fail,*

*A well-laid Plot, and Artifice, prevail.* [Exit.





SCENE changes to the Street, before Watchit's Door. He in Armour, with a Blunderbuss on his Shoulder, which he often makes ready to fire.

Wat. I Shall pepper this Dog, if he comes in my way.—Hark! Sure I heard somebody tread.—No, 'twas nothing but the Wind, I believe.—'Tis very cold—I shall catch my Death; but it is better to die once for all, than to live upon the Rack. What had I to do with a Help-Mete, when I was no Mete-Help for her? S'Death, to be bubbled in my old Age; to father Children that I never got, and leave my Estate to a Mungrel Race, half Fish, half Flesh, a Piece of Priest-Craft! I have had, as it were, by Instinct, a sort of an Aversion to that kind of People from my Cradle. Ah! honest John Dryden, I shall never forget a Passage of thine.—

*Priests of all Religions—*

Who comes there? Stand, or you're a Dead Man.

*Enter Demur, who draws, strikes up Watchit's Piece, and disarms him.*

Dem. How! Villain—I'll see you fairly truss'd up, if I live.

Wat. 'Ounds, who are you, Sir? and what makes you sauntering here, at this Time of Night? You are a Rogue, Sirrah, and I'll secure you.—Watch, Watch, Watch.

Dem. That Pretence shan't save your Bacon, you old Villain you. Watch, Watch.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir John with his Sword drawn.*

*Sir John.* What's the matter here? Ha! Doctor Demur? You are not hurt, I hope!

*Wat.* Doctor Demur! Who the Devil's he? a Patch of the Law? or a Carcass mender? I expected a Botcher of another kind.— [Aside.

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Dem.* No, not hurt, *Sir John*; but I was like to have had a Brace of Balls in my Guts.

*Const.* Who call'd Watch?

*Dem.* I did, Sir; Here's a Rogue attack'd me on the King's Highway, with a Design to Rob, and Murder me, I suppose.

*Wat.* I did, Sir; This strapping young Dog disarm'd me, with Intention to enter my House *Vi & Armis*; plunder, and abuse me——

[*They both speak together.*

*Const.* Your House! Where do you live, Sir?

*Wat.* What's that to you, Sir?—A Constable may Cuckold an Alderman. I don't desire any of you Night-walking Sparks shou'd know my House.

[Aside.

*Const.* A plain Case, a plain Case! he's ashamed of his Habitation; away with him.

*Sir John.* Ay, ay, Mr. Constable; he's a Rogue! This is a worthy Gentleman, a Doctor of the Laws.

*Const.* Yes, Yes, Sir; I know Doctor Demur to be as honest a Man, as any in the whole Temple, and ruins as few, I believe. We'll Secure him, Sir.

*Dem.* Do; I'll have him Examin'd before a Justice of the Peace in the Morning.

*Wat.* The Devil! This is a Trick to get me out of the way; and whilst I'm detain'd by these Scoundrels, that Dog of a Fryar will lie at Rack and Manger

Manger with my Wife. Pray hear me, Mr. Constable.

Const. Yes, yes, Sir, you shall be heard, before you go to Newgate.— You're a fine old Duke, to come to the Gallows at these Years. Come, bring him along.

Wat. Sir, I say I'll go before a Justice to Night, and will have my Wife with me too. Zounds, I could tear my Flesh.— Oh! Tim! Tim! that ever thou shou'dst Marry?

[Exit. Forc'd out by the Constable, &c.

Sir John. This shou'd be Fainwell's Uncle, by his talking of his Wife; and certainly mistook you for one of her Gallants.

Dem. Odsso! I have heard Fainwell speak of him. If it shou'd be him, we shall have good Diversion. Where are you going, Sir John?

Sir John. I am sent for by my Brother Ned; who, I am told, lies dangerously ill at the Widow Headless's.

Dem. 'Tis thither I'm going; I am glad I met you: I hope it is for your Advantage,—— I'll follow you, Sir.

Sir John. Haste shou'd excuse Ceremony, Doctor.

[Exit.

Enter Constable and Watch, with Mr. Watchit and his Wife, and Lucy; meeting Sir Philip Moneylove.

Const. Come, come, bring them along to the Round-House.

Mrs. W. Whither, cruel Man, must I be haul'd out of my Bed at this unseasonable Hour?

Const. Only to the Watch-house, Madam.

Wat. To the Watch-house! to the Devil, Sir! I'm a Gentleman, and won't be abus'd. Carry me before a Justice instantly.

Sir



*Sir Phi.* What's the matter here?

*Const.* Oh! *Sir Philip!* Here, here's a Justice of Peace for you. This old Man, *Sir!* assaulted Doctor *Demur.*

*Wat.* You lye, *Sir!* he assaulted me, *Mr. Justice—*

*Sir Philip.* Hold, hold, *Sir;* I can't hear you in the Street. My Cousin *Headless* lives at next Door, carry your Prisoners thither, *Constable;* you know the House, I suppose.

*Const.* Yes, yes, very well, *Sir.* Come, come, bring 'em along. [Exeunt.]



SCENE *the Inside of Mrs. Headless's House.*

*The Back-Scene Draws, and discovers Ned Freeman, and Louisa, just Married; (the Parson making his Exit) and Sir John and Demur; Louisa throws her Arms about Freeman's Neck.*

*Lou.* **N**OW I'm Happy! Now thou'rt mine again! Look up, my Love! my *Freeman!*

My Joy! my Soul! my Husband! Take, take me in thy Arms; and say, Thou dost forgive me; or I'm still most wretched.

*Ned.* Ha! Why this Joy? From whence these Raptures,

When Life is on the Wing; and Death pursues it With an Eagle's Swiftneſs?

*Lou.* Far be that Thought! far as my Wishes, send it! I hope to hold thee many happy Years; Thou art not Poison'd!

Forgive the Artifice that made thee mine.

*Ned.* Ha! not Poison'd!

*Sir John.* You're in no Danger, I assure you, Brother; it was only your Surprize disorder'd you.

*Ned.*

*Ned.* Give me leave to tell you, Brother, the Disorder I find my self in, cannot proceed from Surprize alone.

*Sir John.* Something there was; but far from being fatal; The Doctor assur'd me, it wou'd have no other Effect than making you a little Sick for the present.

*Ned.* And I assure you, Sir, that I am not to be Trick'd, Sir. [*Draws*] Cancel the Deed this moment, or

*Sir John.* [*Draws.*] That, and my Life shall go together.

*Lou.* Ah! [*Sbreiks.*] Murder! Murder!  
[*Demur draws, and parts them.*]

*Enter Sir Philip, Watchit, Mrs. Watchit, Lucy, Constable and Watch.*

*Sir Philip.* Ha! Murder! I Charge you in the King's Name to keep the Peace, Mr. Constable. — What do I see! Mr. Freeman and the mad Knight! — What, wou'd you murder your Brother, Sir. Secure him, Constable. — I have been looking for you, Mr. Freeman, all the Town over. — D'ye hear, Step to my House, and bid my Daughter come to me this Minute. [*To one of the Watchmen, who Exits.*] Hark-ye, Mr. Freeman; was not there something to be done at my House to Night?

*Ned.* I thought so, Sir; but was unluckily prevented.

*VVat.* This is the Rogue, that took me up, Mr. Justice.

*Dem.* Did not you bid me Stand, Sir? and did not I disarm you of that Blunderbuss in the Constable's Hand, you old Thief, you?

*VVat.* Thief! I scorn your Words, Sir; I was upon my Guard.

*Sir Philip.* Guard of what, Sir?

*VVat.*

*VWat.* Why, a Breach that's made in my Citadel here.

[*Pointing to his Wife.*]

*Sir Philip.* Ha, ha, ha! By whom, pray?

*VWat.* Ask her that; she can tell you.

*Lucy.* Yes, Sir, my Lady can tell you, what melancholy Days, and wretched Nights —

*VWat.* I'll wretched Night you, Hussy!

[*Holds up his Cane.*]

*Sir Philip.* Hold, Sir; do you consider where you are?

*VWat.* Yes, and what I am too.

*Sir Philip.* And what may that be, I pray?

*VWat.* A Cuckold, Sir —

*Dem.* If you are sure of that — Why — the Law is open, Sir.

*VWat.* Ay! so open! that it has swallow'd both Justice and Conscience; and yet is as Hollow as ever.

*Sir Philip.* Ha, ha, ha; But how came you arm'd? and to insult this honest Gentleman?

*VWat.* Have a care what you say, Sir; he'll bring his Action against you for Scandal — But I took him for just such another honest Gentleman; a Botcher of Consciences. One that has a better Knack at making Sin, than forgiving it. — My Wife knows what I say to be true; and my Intention was to have sent a Brace of Balls Hue-and-Cry thro' his Body, in Pursuit of his Continency.

*Dem.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Murder a Man for lying with your Wife! — Why, you shou'd take the Law of him.

*VWat.* That the Lawyers might murder my Estate; No, I thank you; I'm for the shortest way; I'd rather hang at Tyburn, than in one of your Courts. —

*Mrs. VV.* Have you Witness of what you say, my Dear?

*VWat.* Yes, your self, my dear Devil —

*Mrs. VV.* I deny it; Produce your Evidence!



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*Vat.* Oh Impudence! Sir, Pray give her her Oath, and send her to the Devil at once——Did not you tell your Ghostly Father, Mistress, That a Fryar enjoy'd you every Night? deny that, if you can! Nay, and even when I was in Bed with you too! And that ev'ry Door in the House open'd as soon as he approach'd it! for which you believ'd him a Conjurer? A Pox on the Wizard, and the Circle too, I say—Now, Gentlewoman, can you safely take your Oath this was not your Confession?

*Mrs. VV.* I can safely take my Oath, I go in danger of my Life with you.

*VVat.* No, no, 'tis I go in Danger of my Life, Mistress.

*Mrs. VV.* That shall be try'd; for know, Sir, I can bear these base Insults no longer——I must not go abroad——Not so much as to Church; nor see any Company at Home; Not a Relation in Breeches; and whenever you take a Whim in your Head to go Abroad, I must not lie in my Bed, tho' you have the Key of the Door in your Pocket. Nay, in short, I must not Sleep, lest I shou'd Cuckold you in a Dream.

*Sir Philip.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Mrs. W.* A Woman may be made a Fool on, if she will; but you shall find, *Mr. Watchit*, I have Friends, that won't see me abus'd. *Lucy*, call me a Chair——I'll clear my self, I warrant you.

*Wat.* Hussy, Stir if you dare. [*To Lucy.*] No, Madam, you shall clear your self here, if you can.

*Sir Philip.* I wou'd advise you, Sir, to agree with your Lady.——*Mr. Constable*, you may leave your Prisoners with me.

[*Exit Constable, &c.*]

*Dem.* This is a Cause for the Civil Court.

*Mrs. W.* I have something to offer under the Cognizance of Common Law; Have not we an Act against Priests, that belong to no Ambassadors?

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Yes, Madam, it's Death for such to live in England; and it's pity that Act is not put in Execution.

*Mrs. W.* Then, I here deliver up this Gentleman to you, Sir.

*Vvat.* What, do you mean to Hang me for a Priest, Mistress? Am I a Priest?

*Mrs. VV.* So you pretended, when you took my Confession; Cou'd you imagine, I did not know you? Yes, and resolv'd to fit you for your Jealousy. And now this good Company shall judge, if I don't Bed ev'ry Night with a Fryar; and pray you, *Snub*, what Door in our House keeps shut, when you approach, and bid it open?

[*In a Drolling manner.*]

*Dem.* Ha, ha, ha! You are Bit, old Gentleman.— I suppose you'll ask my Pardon now, Sir? Ha, ha.

*Vvat.* The Devil sneer you.—How have I expos'd my self! Ah! *Tim! Tim!* Thou art but a Fool of a Wise Man! [*Aside.*]

*Enter Mrs. Headless.*

*Sir Philip.* Oh! Cousin *Headless!* you'll forgive my taking up your House here.—

*VVid.* My Servants told me the Reason.—You are Welcome, *Sir Philip.* I hate the sight of him; but it's no Time to tell him so now.—Well! I have made no ill Bargain. If this Spouse of mine shou'd never return, this Writing intitles me to all his Estate in *Jamaica.*— If he lives to come back— I shall be a Woman of Quality; and our Laws make farther Provision for me, if he dies. I wish all Widows were as Wise as my self. Cousin *Olivia*, Your Servant.

*Enter Olivia.*

*Oli.* How go Matters here? Dear Cousin, inform me.

*Wid.* As you wou'd have 'em, I believe; for the Parson was sent for; and, methinks, one may read Matrimony in Mr. Freeman's Face already.

*Sir Philip.* Ho! Are you come. [Seeing Olivia.

*Oli.* Did you send for me, Sir?

*Sir Philip.* Ay, ay, come hither, Child.—Mr. Freeman, we had as good make an End of the Business now; and this good Company will make up a Country Dance—Here's my Girl. Cousin Headless will send for a Parson.

*Oli.* Oh miserable! What do I hear? [Aside.

*Sir Philip.* The Business will soon be done.

*Ned.* My Business is done, Sir.

*Sir Philip.* But not with my Daughter, Sir—Come, hang Thinking; send home the Dutch-Woman. They are heavy dull Jades! Here's a Girl of the true old English Breed, that will make you as merry as a Cricket, when the Parson has said Grace, Boy.

*Ned.* I tell you, Sir Philip, I have more Occasion for the Hangman's Halter, than the Marriage Noose.

*Sir Philip.* What! before you are Married? Pish, Pish! that's impossible—But were there not certain Articles to be perform'd on your part to Day?

*Ned.* I thought so Yesterday, Sir.

*Sir Philip.* Yesterday, Sir! Zounds! What do you mean, Sir?

*Sir John.* Why, in short, Sir, This Lady has stept in between my Brother Ned, and your Daughter, and supply'd her Place; that's all, Sir.

*Oli.* O Bless'd Sound! [Aside.

*Sir Philip.* Ha, ha, ha! What, have you another Play to Act, Sir John?

*Sir John.* No, Faith, Sir Philip, the Play is ended; and, with your leave, this Lady and I will speak the Epilogue.

[Takes hold of Olivia's Hand.

*Sir Philip.* Stark Mad, by Jupiter! Hold, hold, hold, Sir; this Lady do's not understand Epilogues, nor



nor Prologues neither [*Takes her from him*] Do you think I am to be fool'd, Mr. Freeman?

Lou. No, Sir; But I think you must look out sharp for another Son-in-Law, Sir Philip; for I am on the Right-side the Hedge, now——We are Married, Sir.

Sir Philip. Indeed! Is she in Earnest, Mr. Freeman?

Ned. Yes, Faith, I can see no Jest in't; and I'll tell you another Secret; I have given my Brother every Foot of my Estate.——

Sir Philip. Really!

Dem. Really, Sir Philip. I drew the Deed.

Sir Philip. Why then it was the worst Deed he ever did in his Life: And, if it be true——I wish you Joy, Sir John.

Sir John. To convince you, Sir, there's the Papers.

[*Gives him Papers.*]

Sir Philip. Humph——'Tis even so——I wish you Joy with your Dutch Vrow, Mr. Freeman——I do, Faith, Minheer.

Mrs. W. My Lover Married! Nay, then I'm glad we were no better acquainted. [*Aside.*]

Wid. I wish you Joy, Madam. [*To Louisa.*]

Lou. It is not in the Power of Fortune to give me more. I hope, my Dear, you are pretty well again.

Ned. Humph! My Sicknes will continue longer than she imagines. [*Aside.*] You assure me, I'm in no Danger of leaving the World, Madam; I wish you cou'd tell me how to live in't.——

Lou. Oh! trust to Love, my Dear!

Ned. And Starve, my Dear! [*Walks from her.*]

Wat. How shall I be able to look my Wife in the Face again?

Mrs. W. Methinks, Lucy, your Master seems to have an Air of true Penitence.

Lucy. He does, indeed, look Penitential, Madam.

Sir Philip. I've been considering you from Head to Foot, Sir John; and, upon my Soul, I think

I

I never saw you look so well in all my Life: Tho', to say Truth, I always thought you a fine Gentleman.—  
 'Till he was Disinherited. [*Aside.*] — *Olivia*, Come hither, Child! Give me thy Hand; It was ever my Resolution, that thou shou'dst go with the Estate; and therefore, *Sir John*, since you've got one, e'en take t'other. [*Throws her to him.*] — There, now do your Endeavour to make me, within Ten Months, a Grandfather. —

*Sir John*. On my Knees I thank you. This Present is more Welcome, than what my Brother gave me.

*Ned*. Return my Deed then; I did not give it you; You trick'd me out of it; Remember that, Brother.

*Sir John*. Out of nothing, but my own, Brother; but half my Estate is at your Service. Your Generosity to this Lady commands that.

*Sir Philip*. Say you so, Sir? Then your Generosity shall command but half my Daughter's Portion; Mark that.

*Lou*. I Bar that Injustice; the Fortune's all his own; Nor do we need your kind Indulgence, Brother. —

*Ned*. No! — Egad, I'm glad to hear that! [*Aside.*]

*Lou*. Yours was the Plot that made my Freeman mine; and Heaven Rewards you for't, with your Estate; and puts it in my Pow'r to raise your Brother above the Reach of Want. Know, then, My Father left me his only Heir, and Mistress of Forty Thousand Pounds.

*Ned*. Ha! Say'st thou?

*Lou*. I knew not where to find thee; but resolv'd to live Unmarried for thy Sake. — But, upon *Sir John's* Letter, hasten'd to prevent thy Breach of Faith. 'Tis done; forgive the Artifice, and all my Fortune's thine.

*Ned*. Forgive thee! What, Forty Thousand Pounds, and ask Forgiveness! One Quarter of the Money wou'd purchase a Pardon for all the Sins of thee, and thy Posterity! I affirm, no Woman can be Guilty of any Fault, that has Forty Thousand Pounds. — But  
 few

few of thy Sex can boast such Constancy. How shall I thank thee for this excessive Goodness?—Brother! Let me thank you too. Had I known your Inclination for this Lady, you shou'd have had no Rival here. [*Claps his Hand on his Breast.*]

Sir Philip. And if he had not got the Estate again, he shou'd have had no Father here. [*Clapping his Hand on his Breast*] Come, come, 'tis all well, and the Man has his Mare again.—What are you musing on, Sir? [*To Watchit*] Prithee be chearful Man—Suppose you were a Cuckold, the Fault's not yours, nor your Wife's neither: No doubt but you was born when Mars and Venus were in Conjunction; and if so, who can withstand their Fate?

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dem. Ha, ha; But this Gentleman is in no Danger—Come, come, Sir, take your Lady, and make much of her; give her her own Liberty; confide in her Honour, and that way secure her Vertue.

Ned. I'm glad the old Cuff does not know me again. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. W. Let him cease to be Jealous, and when I give him real Cause, let him expose me.—What say you, Mumps? Shall I enjoy the Liberties of an English Wife?

Wat. An English Wife! that's a large Latitude, Pul? But I agree to it; Come, Buss, and Friends then! [*Kisses her.*] So now;

*I'll from this Moment banish all my Cares,  
With all my Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars.*

Enter Fainwell, and Sam, singing, the last with a Bottle and Glafs in his Hand.

Wid. Bless me! what do I see? my Rascal Drunk?  
Sir Philip. Ha, ha, ha, Jeffery in his Cups?

Fain. Ay! I'm resolv'd to be merry to Night, be-  
mels, Sir.— [*Sings.*  
Sing



104 The ARTIFICE.

*Sing Ola wa, Let us be merry—*

*Sam. O nilly wa, Let us be merry.*

*Fain. And drink the King's Health in racy Canary.*

*Sam. Ta bony Lee.*

*VVid. I'll hony Lee you, Sirrah—* [Runs to beat him.

*Fain. Hold, hold, my Dear; tho' I allow'd you to beat me, when you was my Mistress, the Case is alter'd now you are my Wife—*

*VVid. Wife!*

*Fain. I am no longer Jeffery! but your Lord and Master.—*

*VVid. Ruin'd past Redemption! Oh! oh! oh!* [Bursts into Tears.

*Fain. No, no, my Dear, I'll so Hug, Love, and Bus thee, that thou shalt own to Morrow Morning thy Money well laid out.* [Goes to Embrace her.]

*Omni. Ha, ha, ha, ha.*

*VVid. Stand off, I never can forgive you putting such a Trick upon me, Mr. VVorthy!*

*Fain. Mr. Fainwell, if you please, my Dear. You shall find me a Man of Honour. You know, it was part of our Agreement, you shou'd not be call'd Mrs. VVorthy.*

*VVid. Not VVorthy! Oh Heavens! then I have Married a down-right Scoundrel! Oh! undone, undone; get out of my Sight. Oh! oh.*

*Fain. Get out of thy Sight! No, no, I'll get into thy Arms, my Girl; where I'll convince thee, that I'm a Gentleman, of a better Family than your Sham-Lord.* [VVhisps Sam, who Exits.

*VVat. That he is, I assure you, Widow; for he is my Nephew.*

*Sir Philip. A very odd Metamorphosis! You are an Excellent Actor, Sir.*

*Fain. Ev'ry Man in his Way, Sir.*

*Sir Philip. Is your Vanity come to this! Faith, you have made but a blind Bargain of it, Cousin.*

*Fain. You had like to have couzen'd her into a blinder Bargain—Hark-ye, Sir Philip, what was you to have had, if this Noble Lord of your Dubbing, had been in my Place?* Enter

*Enter Sam, and Tally.*

*Sir Philip.* What do you mean by asking that Question, Sir? Do you think I was to be Brib'd?

*Fain.* So this honest Gentleman says, Sir; to the Tune of Three Thousand Pounds.—Is it not true, Tally?

*Tally.* To a Tittle, Sir——

*Sir Philip.* Why, you, you, you impudent Son of a Whore; were not Seventeen enough for you?

*Wid.* Not if he had been what you represented him, Sir. But I have nothing to thank your Friendship for.

*Sir Philip.* A Fig for your Reflections; nothing wou'd go down with your Vanity, but a Lord, forsooth; and since no Lord of the King's making wou'd be troubled with you, I made one on purpose for you. Look-ye, 'tis my Opinion, ev'ry Man Cheats in his way——And he is only Honest, who is not discover'd.

*[Exit.*

*Omn.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Fain.* I believe, Sir, I have a Guinea of yours——It is too much, to take both your Money and your Mistress; there, Sir; *[Gives him a Guinea]* Now, Sir, I presume your Absence will be very agreeable to this Company.

*Tally.* With all my Heart, Sir.——And I am glad I'm come off so well.

*[Exit.*

*Ned.* Come, come, Madam, I think you have 'scap'd very well, considering all. You might have been undone: The Prevention of which is owing to Mr. *Fainwell*. There's nothing in a Title——Believe me, there are more heavy Hearts in Coaches with Coronets behind 'em, than you'll find in the Hacks, take 'em as they run, from the *Royal Palace* to the *Royal Exchange*.

*Sir John.* I'm of my Brother's Opinion, Madam; Mr. *Fainwell* bears the King's Commission; and tho'

P

he

he is but a Subaltern, you have Fortune enough to buy him a Regiment; and a Colonel's Lady is as good as my Lord's.

*Vid.* Well, since it is no better; 'tis well it's no worse——But don't you think, Sir *John*, a Thousand Pounds, rightly plac'd, wou'd not get him Knighted?

*Fain.* Ha, ha, ha! We'll consider of that to Morrow Morning.

*Wid.* I hope you'll forgive the Blows, I ——

*Fain.* And promise never to return 'em too.

*Wat.* Nephew, I wish thee Joy with all my Heart.

*Fain.* I thank you, Uncle.

*Sir John.* I'm so much indebted to you, that I love you now, methinks, in spite of Principle.

*Ned.* My Principle, dear *Jack*, is the same with thine. I did not think it prudent to contradict my Father; but no Man shall do more in Defence of his Country, or pay his Taxes more chearfully. Come to my Arms ——

*Sir John.* To my Heart.

[*They Embrace.*]

*Ned.* Now every Man to his Mate; and let's have a Country Dance

[*Goes to Louisa.*]

*Sir John.* Come, Mr. *Watchit*, take your Wife, and let me advise you, if she has any Faults, hide them from the Publick: 4 AL 54

For He or She, who drags the Marriage Chain,  
And finds in Spouse Occasion to complain,  
Should hide their Frailties with a Lover's Care,  
And let th' ill-judging World conclude 'em Fair;  
Better th' Offence ne'er reach the Offender's Ear:  
For they who Sin with Caution, whilst conceal'd,  
Grow impudently Careless, when reveal'd.





# EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.



*SINCE* Plotting is the Business of the  
Age,

Our Bard has paid it off upon the Stage,  
And strongly labour'd in these Scenes,  
to show ye,

How Woman can in Artifice out-do ye.

You Bungle sadly, and are always Caught,

E'er half your Work is to Perfection brought.

Did our Town-Wives their Schemes no better lay,

What Monstrous Plots wou'd break out ev'ry Day?

Ladies, I hope, I've acted to your Mind,

And serv'd my Jealous Monster in his Kind.

To play the Priest, and steal a Wife's Confession;

What Man can make Amends for such Transgression?

Shou'd all our English Husbands Shrive their Wives,

Women wou'd lead most Comfortable Lives.

For of all Slavery, 'tis the worst Condition,

To Live beneath a Marriage Inquisition.

What think you of our Hogan-Mogan Belle?

Didn't she trisk the Trickster nicely well?

The

## EPILOGUE.

The Whipster thought, forsooth, 'twas smart and clever,  
To swell the Young Vrow up, and then to leave her.  
But on the Younger a Dutch Trick she palms;  
Poison for Poison gives, and Qualms for Qualms.  
What Rake among you, but, in his Condition,  
Wou'd ev'n think a Wife a good Physician?  
Did this Dutch Law our roving Gentry bind,  
How Charming wou'd it be for Woman-kind!  
Then ev'ry Nymph that has vouchsaf'd the Favour,  
Might tie her Lover up to good Behaviour:  
And after she has put him to the Test,  
Might take, or leave him, — as she lik'd it best.

You who are Noos'd, let me advise; Beware,  
Give o'er your Jealous Freaks, and trust the Fair:  
For, look-ye, you may Rant, and play the Devil;  
There's nought but Patience cures the Marriage-  
Evil.

The Thing is plain, and Instances are Common;  
No Man is Half a Match for any Woman.

4 AP 54

## F I N I S.



